The Writings of William H. Erb

Written by William H. Erb

Part One

1933-1936

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William H. Erb (1870-1940):

William H. Erb was born in 1870 in Green Lane, Pennsylvania. He went on to attend Perkiomen Seminary and Ursinus College. His first Deitsch poem, "*Die Dollar un die Cent,*" would be written in 1899. His later Deitsch writings would often appear under the pen names "Gus" or "Gus Blipencil". Much of his poetry would go on to appear in Preston Barba's *Eck*, but before his death, Erb himself had been assembling a book of Deitsch poetry that would never be published. The prose and poetry included in both volumes of this text appeared in *The Republic* between the years 1933 and 1938.

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Publish Date: 02 February 1933

Title: ***En Wassermelona Frolic***

month, it was reported snakes and grasshopers were seen.

Feb. 8, 1932—The sugar trees were tapped.

April 20, 1932—James Witt of Wellersburg died and was buried in the Getz cemetery.

July 14, 1932—William Long of Wellersburg celebrated his birthday.

Marie Sturtz of Wellersburg passed another birthday on July 30, 1932.

July 31, 1932—Albert Sturtz of Wellersburg enjoyed a birthday.

Oct. 21, 1932—Herbert Tubbs of Meyersdale was grading for State road from the Pike near Wellersburg towards Kennell's Mills.

EARL T. KORNS.

En Wassermelona Frolic

Pennylvania Dutch.

Mir hen en verdulta lushtige zeit katta letsht woch do am Greitz Weg. Kens is ins bett kuma bis ball mittnocht, awer all sober wie en fendu-groyer. Der Mike hut en wassermelona barty katta am seim shtor fer sei benefit un fer unser blessier. Der Dannie hut gemehnt en bobby-kuh wear besser gewest, awer er waes net was en bobby-kuh is.

Die bisniss leit in dena shtetteliche hen als fire un oder fake sales fer ihra alte goods los warra. Awer mit all ihra grossa signs un roata bushdava kenna sie net so meniche leit ziega wie der Mike hut mit seinera wassermelona shpree, un die leit blessiera an der same zeit. Er hut ah gor greishliche fiel aus'em shtor verkauft.

All die bauera uf meila warra dert mit ihra weiver un kinner, wan sie katta hen. Es hut gevivelt mit mensha wie en ummensa nesht. Alles was grattela hut kenna war dert un hen wassermelona un ice-cream fressa mit grosser abbedit.

Mir buva hen dem Mike kulfa. Der Levi war am icecream shtenner, un allemohl das er icecream dipt, shleckt er der leffel ab. Sei gans gsicht war endlich vershmeart von ohr zu ohr wie en ladwarick shissel. Letsht hut er nimme sehna kenna. Sei awga warra zugebobt. Er hut sei maul weesht aus shaep gezwenkt mit dem grossa leffel abshlecka.

Der grumbehnig Hen hut die wassermelona vershnitta, awer es sin ihm so viel gswicha sei grumma beh gshlipt un verblutst, das der Mike em horige Hen der job gevva hut. Sell hut bessar gshaft, yusht em Hen sei shtruvelige whiskers kuma so uft unnig des messer das er, bei jubers, die helft vom bockabort abgegritzt katta hut bis der owit rum war. Sei gsicht guckt noch wie en halb gereckter hahna.

Die Momy Fisher mit ihrem kiricha bonert hut dena weibsleit kulfa des gsher wesha un die kucha grimela fressa. DER GUST.

Editor's Note: We would like to hear from our Pennsylvania Dutch readers as to whether they wish this feature of the paper to continue. Criticisms as to the correct form of the dialect are invited.

BLACKFIELD BLASTS

BLACKFIELD, Jan. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Romesberg announce the birth of a daughter, Peggy Jean, born Jan. 23. Both mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Sunday visitors at M. J. Romesberg's were Mrs. E. J. Romesberg and children, Helen, Elaine, Betty and Junior, and Paul Pritts, of Wilson Creek; Mr. and Mrs. George Pyle and children, Aileen and Norman, of Somerset.

Grace, Jayne and June Romesberg spent Monday evening with Janet Fisher.

Robert Walter of Garrett visited M. J. Romesberg's, last Monday.

Harry Albright has purchased a new radio.

The Blackfield P. T. A. will hold its regular monthly meeting, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8.

You cannot have government initiative and individual initiative on the same spot at the same time.—Will Payne.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Publish Date: 16 February 1933

Title: ***En Deefer Shneh***

Der Gust Und De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

EN DEEFER SHNEH.

Es shneht nau ball en gansa woch,
Is zimlich kalt, wert kelter noch,
Die grundsow is zurick in's loch,
Is ihr verlaet.
Ich shep en pawt naus noch der sheier,
Un such all rum fer hinkel eier,
Un hul des holz un mach mir fire
Do uf die grate.

Der shneh wert deefer alla shtun,
Genung is blenty do devon,
Dert uf'em sei-shtall is en dun
Un mehner fallt.
Der shneh henkt uf de baem wie maws,
Is alles weis, mer sicht ken graws,
En lumpa ice henkt an der naws,
Is shrecklich kalt.

Der parra kon net noch der Dirich,
Der shneh is deef, er kon net dirich
Mit shlidda un net mit em Daerich,
Was soll er du?
Die mommy kon gewis net geh
Naus noch'em shtor in all dem shneh,
Sie grickt yusht kalta nassa beh,
Verleicht die flu.

Der shneh is haecher wie die fens,
Er is zu deef fer glaena gens,
Die hawsa shittela ah die shwens,
Mir haert sie brumla.
Ich huck beim offa wie en mon,
Die brodwersht broda in der pon,
Der shteam kumt aus der coffee kon,
Sut gar net grumla.

—DER GUST.

TYPEWRITING PAPER BARGAIN.

Economy Bond Typewriter Paper, letter head size, 8½x11 inches, 500 sheets to box, for sale by Meyersdale Republican, @ 75c per box. 92-tf.

Publish Date: 23 February 1933

Title: ***En Guter Salesmon***

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

EN GUTER SALESMON.

Wie mir im shtor hucka un blaudera, kumt die Bolly, em Horige Hen sei frah, nei vor ebbes kawfa fer ihra maidel en shul-frock. Der Mike, unser shtorkipper, shmunzelt ivvers gans gsicht wie en shissel voll grumbiera shawla.

Mir haera ihn ebbes sawga von pongee un percales als er eh shtick noch'em annera vom shelft nemt. Ich denk es war all yusht calico. Er secht die Bolly sult's feela wie gut es wear, es wear des besht uf'em mirick, es deht weara wie en board, un sie kents wesha en dousend mohl un am end deht's positively gucka wie nei. Er deht's unnig kushta verkawfa un no nooch zeha per cent abshmeisa.

Ich het's net geglawbt wan ich's net kaert het mit meina egna ohra das en kiricha mon so gottlossich liega kent ohna recka. Awer es hut wahrhaftig leit die duna der deivel bussa fer epaar derra cent.

"Un was ferb hetsht du gern?" hut der Mike so haeflich gfrokt als er broviert sei alter abgeblaechter duch on die Bolly ahzuhenka. "Ei," anwort sie, "es macht mir gar nix aus was ferb, yusht so das es roat is."

Der Mike blinselt wie en kalb imma shlosa-shturm. Er hut ken roat frock goods im shtor. Er war gebottert awer net gebutta. "Ach, Bolly," secht er, "wan ich ebbes roates het fer en frock deht ich meiner sex hausa dos zuverkawfa. Roat is gar nimme style.

No rollt er epaar yard ab vomma gaela shtick secht so fromm: "Nau guck sell ah, Bolly, sell shtick hav ich yusht rei grickt. Selle ferb deht dei maidel wunderbar bekumma, un sie wear grad uf style. Gael is die ferb des jahr, Bolly, nau nem mei wort."

Die Bolly nemt em Mike sei wort un drei yard frock goods, un lust's ufshreiva. DER GUST.

THESE READERS APPROVE OUR PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

Several weeks ago we published a Pennsylvania Dutch contribution in prose and followed it last week with a poem in the same dialect. We asked for an expression from our "Dutch" readers as to the desirability of publishing a weekly Pennsylvania Dutch feature. The following responses have been received:

Dear Editor:

Yes, print your Dutch pieces. We enjoy them very much.

The groundhog must have seen his shadow, as we are having very cool weather as low as 50, but by 9 A. M. we enjoy 78 to 80 and can bask in sunshine until dark. All well here, but have not gotten over that trouble called DEPRESSION.

Very truly yours,
I. D. LEYDIG,
Clewistown, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your "Pennsylvania Dutch" in the last paper very much. I saw it, read it, and digested it. I enjoyed it like eating hot cakes on a frosty morning. Hope we shall have more like that. Thank you.

From a Pennsylvania Dutch reader,
Mrs. W. J. STAGGS.
Cresaptown, Md.

This week we present another prose contribution by "Der Gust," and as a test of reader interest we will give a three months' subscription credit for the best translation received before March 5th next. Get busy, Dutch readers, and let us see how well you can translate the Pennsylvania vernacular into English. The best translation of the Dutch piece printed this week, under the heading, "DER GUST UN DE SUS", will be published in our issue of March 9th, and the translator will be given a three months' subscription to The Republican, or if already a subscriber will have his or her subscription extended for three months.

Publish Date: 02 March 1933

Title: ***Der Besht Drawm***

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Der Besht Drawm.

Mir wissa net fiel fom Levi Katzaberger eb er do in unser gehent kumma is, except was er uns verzehlt. Avver mir wissa das fiel—alles als ehr sawgt kon net mieglig sei, un das ivverich kon mir yusht die helft glawva.

Der anner owit im shtor verzehlt er von seina experienca wie er in der West war barra shiessa. Er shmeist sei chaw duwack in der coala kessel un secht es weara drei barra shits gewest—en Deitcher, en Irisher, un en Yut. Die hetta sich verlora in dena bariga. Der Levi war net bei ihna sella mohl, awer er hut sie alla drei goot gekent.

Well, selle drei weara fier dawg verlora un sin rum gedravelt ivver felsa un dirich darna, un hen so wenig gewist wie raus zukumma wie en blinda sow. Ihr essa wert knobs. Sie ken yusht meh en glay shtick bologny wersht.

Sie weara so hungrich wie seva yawk-hund. Sie hetta havershtroh fressa kenna un hetta gemehnt es wear spagetti. Des shtick bologny war net genung fer ehns. Sie hen endlich ausgemacht sie wutta noch en nocht shlofa, un wear der shensht drawn het sult des shtick bologny hava.

Der neksht marria verzehlt jeders was er gedrawmt hut. Der Deitcher secht er het gedrawmt er wear heem noch Deitchlond un het imma beergarta g'hukt amma dish un uf'em dish wear en yort leverwersht gewest, en shtick pumpernickel un en gross glaws beer.

Der Irisher sawgt sell wear all recht fer en Deitcher, avver net fer en Irisher. Er het en wunderbara shehner drawm katta. Er wear ah zurick noch'em alta lond, un wear net a shtunt vom shif gewest bis ehr sex Engelanders gewaltig gedrusha het. No wear er goot g'suffa weara un het net ufg'sobert fer en ganse woch.

Der Yut shmunzelt wie en katz vie yusht en mouse g'fressa hut, un secht er het gedrawmt sie weara alla drei hame ivver der say un kehmta nimme zurick. No wear er ufg'shtanna un het des shtick bologny g'essa.

DER GUST.

Publish Date: 09 March 1933

Title: ***Kens war dert***

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Kens War Dert.

Kens von uns buva warra an dem Bresident seinera eiweihen. Mir hen den gansa winter geblaudert devon, un etlicha hen ehrlich im sin katta der trip noch Washington zumacha un dem Franklin glick winsha. Der grumbehning Hen hut gewis sich en nei weis busem hem kawft un a paar blowa shtrimp. Awer er is ah net fert kuma.

Der Bill, unser local blackshmit, hut en ganser sock voll time-tables un so babiera shun grickt katta en monet zurick, un er un sei Maria hen die babiera g'shtudiert dawg un nocht das sie die station wissa besser wie der conductor uf der drain. Er hut ausg'figgert katta bis uf der letsht cent was die trip ihm kushta deht, un er hut noch genung ivverich fer en pock grundnis. Der Bill is zimlich gut g'fixt.

Er hut en relief plon fer die unemployed blackshmit, das er dem Bresident auslaya hut wolla. Wan der Franklin sei plon uff nemt, claimt der Bill, don weara witter die blackshmit am dengela in drei monet un brosberity kehmt zurick mit fettera uff 'em hoot.

Awer der Bill un sei Maria kuma net noch Washington. Owits defor kumt der Jake Holsklutz mit'ra verrisna shaar-ket. Well, en blackshmit is sheer wie en ductor. Wan ebber sei beh verbrecht, kon der ductor net shpatziera geh, awer mus deheem bleiva des beh setsa. Der Bill mus ah deheem bleiva die shaarket zamma shmitta.

Sie hen en grosser shtor karb g'pockt katta mit leverwersht, rivel kucha, sandwiches von aller ort, genung fer en ganse woch. Der Bill hut en gut herz, un so hut die Maria. Sie hen all die nochbara eigelawda letsht Samsdawg owit an en sandwich party in honor vom Bresident.

Mir warra all dert except der alt Sol. Sie sawga er het kalt. Letsht woch hut er sei zuger-wasser fesser ausgewesha un reddy gemacht wans witter zuger-wasser gept. Er is noch unnig 'em wetter.—DER GUST.

Publish Date: 16 March 1933

Title: ***En Sow is en Sow***

Are all with thee. Are all with thee."

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

En Sow is En Sow.

Die anner woch grickt der Andy vom Groatta Dahl hunger fer frisha brodwersht. Er wetst sei butcher messera un macht des bree-wasser kuchich. Der Andy is en shlicker butcher un kon brodwersht macha die gucka wie seita. Epaar von uns buva wara nivver geluffa fer ebissel zeit-verdreib.

Der Andy macht der sei-shtal uf un lust die arm sow raus. No fangt des lebdawg ah. Wie er grabt fer der sow ihra ohra, shittelt sie der kup wie wan sie sawga wut, "Cut it out." No knert sie ebbes un geht ab dirich die droat fens, ums welshkern heisel rum un der shwam nunner wie en hersh.

Es is net alles im dictionary was der Andy gsawgt hut, awer er geht dera verdulta sow noch wie en hund 'ra katz. "Kum awn, buva," ruft er als er ah dirich die droat fens shlupt un verreist sei hussa shrecklich. Sei weiser hemmer shwans flopt hinna naus wie der mommy ihra nocht-kut uf' de wesh line.

Well, mir marcha double quick uns welshkern heisel rum un hinnig dem Andy noch wie deitsha soldata. Mir gehna der shwam nunner, un der Donnie, unser downship kunshtaveler, war sex foos fanna drah un greisht, "Shtup, du alte sow, in de name of de law."

Awer selle sow war en communist. Sie riggelt yusht ihra shwans un gebt ken drei cent um kunshtaveler oder law. Ich hab, bei hooky, gemehnt sie het ebissel g' shpettelt wie mir sie endlich ge-cornered hen an der grick. "Du alt shin-naws," secht der Andy, "des emohl hav ich dich, bei heck." un grabt die sow am shwans. Awer en sow is en sow. Sie macht der shwans grad un er shlipt em Andy aus der hond. Un no geht sie witter ab, ivver die grick un fert in die hecka.

Des letsht das mir kaert hen war sie driva im annera county. Der Andy hut sich brodwersht kauft vom butcher.

DER GUST.

Publish Date: 23 March 1933

Title: ***Der Congress is Bissy***

close inspection of the fort as could be, without actually attacking it, and these burned a log house very close to the fort. The next morning Grant sent an engineer and guard to a position in plain view of the fort, to take a plan of the works. At the same time he ordered that reveille be sounded in his camp. This had the effect that he evidently intended, for the garrison of the fort poured out in force to meet him, and the battle was on.

Maj. Lewis, with the baggage guard contingent, heard the firing and brought mose of his force forward as rapidly as he could. Even with that the British and provincials were greatly outnumbered. The battle raged fiercely for a considerable time, but resulted in victory for the French, with much greater loss to their foes than in any other engagement of the campaign. More than one-third of Grant's men were killed and 42 were wounded. The killed included all eight officers of Maj. Lewis's Virginians except one. A large number of prisoners was taken by the French, including Majors Grant and Lewis, who were carried to Montreal and held there for a considerable time. Much of value in stores and equipment also were lost to the French, and the broken remnants of Grant's force reached the main command after various trying experiences.

The name of Grant is preserved in the street which passes directly through the portion of Pittsburgh which witnessed this bloody conflict. For many years its scene was known as Grant's Hill. It was considerably higher than it is now. The old courthouse which preceded the present one, and was destroyed by fire nearly half a century ago, stood on ground much above the street level there today. Extensive grading operations of later years have cut down streets and the sites of buildings. At the same time there must have been considerable filling of other parts round about, for early descriptions picture the slopes of the hill as being much more abrupt on all sides than they are now.

Building in the early years of the city to be was down towards the junction of the rivers, and descriptions written when it was young tell of a large pond between there and the base of Grant's Hill. This eminence was a favorite place of resort in times of leisure. Concerning it Judge H. M. Brackenridge, who knew it as a boy, wrote:

"Two plains, partly short commons, depastured by the town cows, embraced the foot of Grant's Hill, one extending a short distance up the Monongahela, the other stretching up the Allegheny river; while the town of straggling houses, easily counted, and more of log than frame, and more of the latter than brick or stone, lay from the junction of the Monongahela . . . The hill was the favorite promenade in fine weather, and on a Sunday afternoon. It was pleasing to see the line of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and children—nearly the whole population—repairing to this beautiful eminence."

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Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Der Congress Is Bissy.

Noch dena zeitinga noch, mehnt der Mike, deht unser neiher Bresident die Congress buva verdult bissy halta. Er deht wahrhaftig glawva das der Congress mehner ausgericht het in der letshta paar wocha wie er het in dena letshta drei jahr.

Viel von dena Congress kerls, behawpt der Bill, unser local blackshmit, dehta mehna mir hetta sie nei g'shtimt yusht fer speeches zumacha un neua waga ausfiggera wie unser gelt zuvershpenda, un no witter annera waga wie uns zutoxa fer mehner gelt.

"Sie sin dunners goot an sellem," secht er, "awer der Franklin hut ihna zuvershteh gevva sie mista des kinner shpiel seilussa un sich nunner settela zu brass tacks."

Der Sam secht wamer en fuhr het mit asel eigshpont mist mir als ehmohl die gaeshel usa. En fuhrmon der sei geil lawfa lust wie sie wolla kum uft net hie wo er hie will oder kumt zushpoat. Der Sam secht der Bresident mist ah die vip cracka so das die Congress buva sich herter in des kummet lussa. Sie missa ufgeweckt warra. Es nemt tsega bis der karich aus'em dreck gezuga is.

Un edehl von dena kerls greeha dreckicha hend bis des gedu is, mehnt der Levi, un sell hassa sie wie en ketzel wamer ihra naesel in die milich shissel rent. Etlichs von dena senators shein's sin bong aie mechta sich ebissel vershinna un die leit deheem verdreehsa un shtimma verliera wan sie shtimma gelt zushpaara wie der Bresident hava will. Sie sin mehner bekimmert um ihra egen bockabuch wie sie sin um bauer sei welshkern.

"Mir hen zu veil von so shpitzbuva," secht der Levi, "die yusht shawfa ihra brod zubuttera uf die zwe seida, un ah verdult dick, wan sie em bauer sei keeh doat gshlauga missa fer's zudu."

No shpaut der Dannie en maul voll duwack's bree hinnig der offa un secht em Jake Groutfass sei milich kuh wear doat ganga letsht woch, awer er het net gewist das der Congress es doat gshlauga het.

—DER GUST.

The Washington Wash

By Strickland Gillilan.

Since our national legislature, under spur of that beautiful impulse popularly known as the bum's rush or the kick in the stern, has passed the beer bill, I'm ready to turn in and tell you the meaning of a term you've always heard—beer and skittles. A few highbrows have known, but the rank and file of you have no idea what a skittle is: It is a wooden disk like the one used in shuffleboard, but used in an old-fashioned nine-pin game to knock down the pins.

The word is a corruption of "shuttle."

The word you have always associated most with beer, is scuttle, perhaps—as, "a scuttle o' suds."

* * *

Incidentally, looking through a dog-eared dictionary in the domino-and-checkers room of the Press Club, hunting "skittles" (oh-oh! There I've gone and given away the extreme recency of my OWN ignorance!) I found the word "skogholite." I bet you don't know what that means, either. Well, I found that it means "a black, opaque ferrous tantalate crystallizing in the orthorombic system."

And just think—if I'd not been looking for skittles you and I both might have died in ignorance of this fact that is now so clear to us both!

* * *

Yes, sir, propelled lustily by the vigorous toe of the Rooseveltian boot, Congress has actually got a move on itself. You didn't think it could. It is saying mister and pulling the forelock and asking "Anything else, sir? Thank you, sir!"

And believe me, old-timer, the new broom, the bridegroom in this political honeymoon, had better strike while the iron is hot, make hay while the sun shines and all those other things like taking time by the forelock. He has Congress by the tail with a downhill pull, and had he better pull! He knocks them down and stands right there—doesn't even dare go to a neutral corner while they spit out teeth and let the referee count up to 9½. He has to hit them while they are on their knees.

If ever they get through with these emergency things for which he congratulates them after they've done exactly as he let them think they had to if the individual Democrats wanted any patronage—I say if ever they get through these things and have a breathing spell and do a huddle when they think nothing much is at stake, they'll defy him just to show the country they still have souls of their own.

You know when once a jackrabbit has spit in a bull dog's face, neither the rabbit nor the bulldog is much good after that. The bulldog is afraid of his own shadow and the rabbit is too impudent and cocky to live with.

* * *

Aren't you almost as proud of the Republican minority as you are of our magnificent new Democratic President? Those boys are playing ball and making a fine name for themselves.

Notice how a renegade is a renegade all the time? The Republicans who deserted their own chief to follow the certain winner are not going to be the faithful ones in this administration. No, it is the Snells and the Tilsons who fought tooth and nail for their own chief who will prove the faithful ones to the new

Publish Date: 30 March 1933

Title: ***En Butter Kuh***

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

EN BUTTER KUH.

Mir hucka all im shtor, dunkel mit smoke, un dief in gedanka. Es war so ruhich wie wan en katz en mouse watcht. Der Donnie kumpt rei vor duwack zukaufa. No shteht der grumbehnig Hen uf un reibt sich am diera eck sei buckel zugratsa, un der Mike schneezt ins dinta gloss das der dinta in sei gsicht shpritst un ivver sei ledger. Er flucht net awer er secht epaar frema worta.

Der Levi war am zeiting laesa. Er is so shlick am zeiting laesa wie en gons am welshkern fressa. Er kon en dutsend lina uf gobbela un brauch net blinzela. Uf ehmohl fangt er ah lacha wie en jackass das die cans uf' em shelft rabbela. Der Sam wert wacka, un der Bill shtupt kaafta in die prune box shneita un guckt so vershrucka um der offa rum sehna was lets wear mit' em Levi.

"Was unnig der sun is en butter kuh?" frookt der Levi als er sei awga ausbutst. "Do in der zeiting hut ebber en butter kuh mit'ma kalb adferteist fer sale."

Kens kon em Levi antworta. Awer der Bill secht en fendu-groyer het ihm verzehlt letsht Sundawg noch der kirich von're gshicht das fiel leicht em ebissel licht gevva deht. Uf kors, es is ebissel unglawblich, awer der fendu-groyer shweart es wear wahr, er het's gsehna mit seina awga.

Es war anners keeh fendu. Die keeh hen sie zeha mile bei gebrucht in drucks ivver sonderbara bumbicha waega, yusht eb die fendu ahgfanga hut. Die driver warra so ufgshittelt das sie wahrhaftig net grad lawfa kenna.

Wie sie die ersht kuh uf gedu hen fer sale, hut en bauer gebroviert sie zumelka, awer inshtads er milich grickt hut, is shehner, gayler butter kuma wie tsay-paste aus'ma tube. Die leit hen sich sheer uf der kup gshteht. Sie hen so ebbes seileva net gsehna katta.

Der Donnie mehnt sell mist so en butter kuh gewest sei, awer wear so dumheit glawva deht weara die kelver.

DER GUST.

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ent odds against him. If this is true, his political "luck" seems to be holding and Americans generally regardless of party will hope that it continues to hold so long as his policies remain sound and constructive. The statement that he has this political luck is no disparagement of his ability. Luck without ability would not go far. It will be remembered that the late President Coolidge was credited both by his political friends and opponents with possessing the same kind of luck, but this did not deny his calm, constructive judgment and sound mentality. President Roosevelt is now the head of the nation. His achievements will be the nation's achievements, and his luck will be the nation's luck. May it continue as long as the President and the nation continue to deserve it!

NOTHING OUT OF THE WAY.

A Kansas senator complained that gunmen had been seen about his home, but after he has been in Washington long enough he will realize that they may have been only law-abiding bootleggers. — Indianapolis News.

Labor leaders are said to have some objection to the jobless relief bill. Evidently they do not approve of the musty old slogan that a dollar a day and a plate of beans are good enough for the working man.

An economist has been defined as a man who knows everything and can't do anything.

The fellow who gets ahead is generally the fellow who helps others get ahead.

Publish Date: 06 April 1933

Title: ***Es is Verzernich***

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Es Is Verzernich.

Der horiger Hen kumt in der shtor un guckt so baes wie en vershliverter sei-drook. Er war sardonish verzernt un brummelt ebbes hining seim shtruvelicher bockabort das net so sheh laut fer en blowsbolig zieger in're kirich.

Mir warra all ruhich un gucka der Hen ah mit ershtaunung. Er huckt sich ufs ersht negel fass das er sicht un guckt im shtor rum so falsh wie wan er fire shpauha kent. Endlich hoosht der Levi epaar mohl un saugt es wear en shehner dawg gewest. No shteckt der grumbehnig Hen sei peif ah un secht mer kent ball bluga. Der Donnie nemt en frisher chaw duwack un secht gar nix.

Der Bill grickt sei sock messer aus'em sock un shnitzelt an der cracker box rum. Ivverdem guckt er um der offa rum un frookt der horig Hen wie die leit all deheem weara, eb sie all gsund weara. "Sie sin so gsund," anwort er so kerz ab, "sie warra all am raiseina boy fressa."

"So?" saught der Levi, "sell sheint goot."

Awer der horiger Hen secht er wear greishlich baes un er kent sich all sei hor aus'em kup reisa. No verzehlt er uns sei druvel, un es macht uns all ebissel drauverich. Er hut sich raiseina kauft katta fer sei private use, un sei frah hut sie, bei gum, genumma un hut boy gebocka. Er shittelt sei kup un saught, mit draina in seina awga, "Buva, so ebbes deht en butsa-mon verzerna."

Well, mir wo keirt sin hen grad gewist wie der arem Hen feelt. Mir hen all shun so erfahrung katta, un mir broviera ihn zudrehshta. Der grutzich Donnie claimt die weibsleit hetta die blugs line zuviel in der hond.

"Ich will vershtanna sei, wan ich en frah het," saught er un pusht sei glehne brusht naus wie en leghorn banty hahna, "deht ich weisa wer die hussa ah het."

DER GUST

Publish Date: 20 April 1933

Title: ***Brosberity un Beer*** & ***Bitter Zulawd***

Der Gust Un De Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

BROSBERITY UN BEER

"Well, Hen, bisht noch sober?" frookt der Bill als der horig Hen in der shtor kumt mit seinera frah, die Bolly, fer en quart molassig un en punt derra pershin shnitz. Der Bill macht seller dum wisecrack yusht fer ebbes zusawga. Es kitselt die Bolly gewaltig, awer mer hut net sehna kenna eb der Hen lacht oder heilt. Sei shtruveliger bockabort deckt sei shtubbel felt zu bis an die awga.

Uf kors, mir wissa all das der horig Hen en sobera mon is. Es wear gar net bassent fer ihn en sow von sich zumacha. Er is der blows-bolig zieger in der kirich un hut feer kinner wie noch ihra fees unnig sei dish duna. Ovver indem sie nau witmacht, kon mer net immer wissa was en sobera mon du mecht. Der geisht is willig awer des fleish is shwach, sawgt der parra als.

Ovver der Levi claimt des beer deht net gsuffa macha; Congress het so gsawgt. Un wan en kerl gedudelt deht werra so accidently, wear er net gsuffa. Er het nix gedrunka das ihn gsuffa macha kent, un sie kenta ihn net in der lockup shtecka so wenig wie waner buttermilich gedrunka het. Der Donnie mehnt an sellem no wear en gsuffner mon net gsuffa.

Bei jubers, sell is en question so verwert wie der Bets ihra hor shwans das sie net gshtraelt hut fer seva wocha. Es nemt meh wie en shulmeshter un en shtorkipper fer sell ausfiggera. Es is iriga wie en jig saw puzzle. Der Bill mehnt wan des shtuff net gsuffa macha deht, don ken der Congress die leit es hendela lussa wie ginger ale oder popcorn. Ovver unser gelernta lawmacher hen en idee sie kente brosberity beilumka mit'ma gloss beer.

"Sie hen als gsawht brosberity wear yusht ums eck rum," sawgt der Donnie, "awer nau sawgt der Congress brosberity wear ums spundaloch rum."

BITTER ZULAWD.

Die weibsleit gehna ivvers felt
Un jeders hut en messer;
Ich waes was sie am sucha sin—
Ich bin en gooter guesser.

Sis hen ihr winter glaeder ah
Un ah ihr wollna koppa;
Sie gucka wie en butsa-mon,
Vershrecka all die groppa.

Sie sucha do un gucka dert
Un duna yusht so shleicha,
Sie nemma ihra gootie zeit,
Sie sheina es zugleicha.

Sie sherra rum im alta graws,—
Wer sucha dut, dut finna,—
Sie shluppa an der droat fens hie
Un duna sich vershinna.

En kareb hen sie an der henk,
Die alta lumpa bubba,
Un hen die naws ball uf'em grund
Un an der naws en druppa.

Doch endlich is der kareb foll,
Bitter zulawd is blenty;
Shpeck knodels in der dicka bree,
Sell is, bei gum, ah dandy.

Mer gavelt sich grumbiera raus
Un shept zulawd do drivver;
Es guckt so goot, mer leffelt fert,
Der deller lawft sheer ivver.

Mer nemt des messer in die hond,
Der mawga lacht mit freida,
Des maul wert shleckt von ohr zu ohr,
Mer brauch ken hunger leida.

—DER GUST.

BRUCE HEWITT RODENISER

Publish Date: 04 May 1933

Title: ***Des English in der Shul***

Der Gust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Des English in der Shul.

Unser shulmeshter, der Benchy Kernbrod, is wunderbar hoch gelaernt. Er kon Deitsh un English laesa un shreiva, un au shwetsa so shlick wie en hundel blaft. Er waes aw ebissel Lateinish, yusht er sawgt sell wear en doata shprooch.

Der Donnie mehnt sell wear verleicht die ursach verwas die doata so wenig zusawga hetta; sie hetta seilava ken Lateinish gelernt. Er mehnt er wut epaar lessons nemma vom Benchy das er doch ebissel blaudera kent mit die doata.

Mer sut alsemohl die shul bsucha. No sehnt mer wie gewixt un gelaernt en shulmeshter sei mus. Als en rule waes er so bei now alles was in dena bicher is auswenig. En gooter shulmeshter mus aw wissa wie en hickry gat zushwinga, claimt der Levi. Der Benchy waes sell, bei gum. Er hut als freer en asel fuhr gedriva.

Die anner woch hen ich, der grumbehnig Hen un der Levi die shul ehmohl bsucht. Sie hen en shpellin class katta, un hen so grossa worta gshpellt das die kinner sheer verwerkt sin. Kens von uns hen seilava so worta kaert un wista net was sie mehna wan en parra sie sawga deht von der konsel. Der grumbehnig Hen sawgt er kent der dunner net sehna verwas sie so auslandisha worta die unshuldiga kinner lerna dehta, ken sow kent sie ausshprecha. Der Levi mehnt awer sie mechta hendig neikumma ivver'em blooga.

Em horiger Hen sei Johnnie shpellt "caterpillar" so shlick wie wanner noodle sup essa deht, es shlipt yusht so hie. Der teacher explaint en caterpillar wear en worem als gucka deht wie en vergrootste brod grusht. No shteht dera widfrah Shissel ihra maidel uf un sawgt "Teacher, I did it done." Der teacher hut der class in English des wort "once" gevva katta un hut gsawgt sie sutta es usa zwe mohl in'ra sentence. No laest des Shissel maidel: "I seen a wonce in de bed wonce."

DER GUST.

Publish Date: 25 May 1933

Title: ***Die Parra hen en Meeting***

DerGust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Die Parra Hen en Meeting.

Die meeting war in unser kirich, un die parra warra do von weit un braut, bisniss zudu fer des reich Gottes. Edehl hen longa poffa reck aw katta un hen sonderbar fromm geguckt.

Der Donnie un ich warra aw on der meeting, un, uf kors, der horig Hen war aw dart. Er iss der blowsbolig zieger un mus die kirich uf un zu shliesa. Er mus aw sehna das die kirich goot ge-ventilate iss. Wo so fiel brediger sin un gassa en ganser dawg wert die luft ebissel unrein un shtinkich.

Der ersht dawg wie mir do naus sin noch der meeting war der alt Uncle Hiram am graws maya hinnig'em sei-shtal. Der Donnie froakt ihn eb er am ufbutsa wear fer die parra. Der Hiram is ehns von dena vorgenger in der kirich un is dert alla Sundawg, yusht mit seim snorxa halt er die annera leit wacka. No lacht er so drei-fertels un sawgt: "Ich bin am graws maya fer die aesel."

Wie mir on die kirich kuma, shtehna fiel brediger haus rum un shmoka sigaers das es shmokt wie em Dawdy Holzknecht sei shtengel fire. Edehl von dena shrift gelaerta hen ihra shmoke peif mit gebrucht un suckela an sella so geduldig wie en unshuldig kind am'ma shlutser.

Der Levi sawgt wie sie der blats ufgebutst hette noch der meeting hetta sie zwa shup-kaerich foll sigaer shtumpa un ausgechawter duwack weck gfahra. Awer der horig Hen claimt es wear net so shlim gewest. Edehl von dena parra weara noch shteifa bosom hemmer un chaw plug duwack wie veralters.

Der Donnie grickt noch allagebut so shpells un lacht das er der shlickser grickt. Er sawgt die parra kenta comicale shtories verzehla das en essig-foss lacha deht macha. Er mehnt wan die parra alsemohl so shtories verzehla dehta von der konsel ivverm brediga dehta die leit net so gern shloafa geh. Awer der horig Hen claimt so ebbes wear net shriftlich die leit aus ihrem shloaf zuhalta.

DER GUST.

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only omission I can observe or imagine. Water is still generously permitted to run down hill, and the price of radium has not (as we go to press) been pegged at a nickel a a quart. So there's something left to be done. Of course if these little omissions in performance or in authorization to perform had been mentioned in that crowded Democratic presidential platform, it would all have been attended to ere this. Already we have queer beer and funny money and an army in the woods, and everything is better except the matter of getting more money or employing more people.

* * *

The super-constitutionalists — the Dan Webster diehards—are taking this attitude on behalf of that document—framed in the Congressional Library and getting freshly and completely framed every day in Congress:

I'm the good old Constitution—
Yea, a mighty institution
That will stand for no dilution,
For no power-diminution,
For no White House substitution,
For no 18th contribution,
For no communist pollution.

This is the attitude taken by everybody, with this seemingly necessary amendment:

"We believe the Constitution in all its provisions should be literally adhered to if we can get hold of the same type of people for the congressmen, that the founders of the government had in mind when they founded it. They presupposed a caliber in intelligence and loyalty and oneness of purpose that can't be found today. So while we've got to save the country they founded, we've got to save it whatever way we can with what we have to save it with. When Dan Webster said we ought to stick literally to the book, he didn't know Patman.

* * *

When a Washingtonian says something happened "last march" you

Publish Date: 01 June 1933

Title: ***Gelt in Bull Froga***

as you are—yea, gladder!

DerGust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Gelt in Bull Froga.

Die buva wara all bissy am figgera wie ich in der shtor kum. Kens sawgt en wort, ovver shpauha du-wacks bree wie en verzernter hoy-shrecker un sheeva der blei-pencil hie un haer das die elboga grecksa wie en shup-kaerich rawd.

Ich sawg "Goot'n owit, buva," ovver kens gebt antwort oder guckt uf, wie wan sie all shtum un daub weara wie en ahbinpushta am'ma kirich hof. Sie warra all am rechela uf babier, uf der gracker box un uf ehnig ebbes wo sie ziffera macha kenna.

Ich guck im shtor rum, sehna eb ich net im'ma narra haus wear. Ovver es war em Mike sei shtor alles recht, yusht die buva sheina all ver-rickt.

"Wie fiel is sexa mit sex nulls hin-na drah" froakt der Donnie als er sei shtern abbutst mit seim hem ar-mel; ."ich kon's net ausfiggera ovver ich denk es wear genung fer mich un die mommy."

Ich froak witter was sie am rechela weara, un der Levi explaint, als er sei blei-pencil shpitst, das der Mister Leany, der boss von dena Eyetalians, wut Amerikanisha bull froga hava, un er het shun fertsig kauft an drei hunert un fufsig dollar der shtick. "Es is gelt in bull froga," sawgt er als er mir uf der bugel klupt, "won-mer waes wie's zugreega."

An sellem figger, mehnt der grum-behnig Hen, kenta mir all inde-pendent reich warra eb die katz en oy laegt. Er sawgt or het shun en sei-kivvel foll im shpring heisel fer der Mister Leany. "Ovver wer lernt unser bull froga des Eyetalianish?"

Der Donnie sawgt er deht glawva das die bull froga shprooch Eyetalian wear. Es wear gewiss net Deitsh oder English, sell wist er. Uf kors, der Donnie is net gans shur; er hut noch ken Eyetalian bull froga kaert.

Sie nemma die bull froga nivver in luft shiffa, so das sie net die say-granket greega, un der Levi mehnt sie kenta's du in epaar hops.

DER GUST.

Publish Date: 08 June 1933

Title: ***Decoration Dawg Parade***

Der Gust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Decoration Dawg Parade.

Der Donnie, der Levi un der grumbehnig Hen mit seim gayl necktie un roat shtraefiche shtrimp warra im shtettel ivver Decoration Dawg des parade sehna. Der Sam hut ah geh wolle, awer sei alte, die Lovina, hut gekickt wie en aesel mit're dishtil unnig'em shwans. Sie sawgt des welshkern mist geblanst sei, un besides ihra bunion deht zu verdunnert weh.

Wie der Levi sawgt hen sie all en gootie zeit katta un warra sober gebliva. Sie hen ge-hurraht wie die soldata vorbei gemarcht sin mit ihra belechna heet, un die benda hen so lushtig gshpielt das der Donnie sheer gedanst hut. Der grumbehnig Hen hut sei dickie witfrah ge-meet un is mit ihra des pavement uf un ab gwealkt un hen chewing gum gekaut wie zwae alte gaes.

Der Donnie hut so viel grundnis gfressa un sassafril gedrunka das er noch der mawga gramp hut, un selle nocht hut gedrawmt er wear am shtroh fressa mit'de keh. No lacht der Levi un sawgt sell deht ihn gemahna vom'ma karl das er als goot gekent het. Der karl war uf bsuch im shtettel, un sie hen ihm alla moria so patent fuder shtuft geva was sie shredded wheat haesa. Well, eh nocht hut er gedrawmt er wear am shredded wheat essa un er het gfressa die ganse nocht. Un der nechst moria wie der karl wocka is warra war der shprau-sock, bei gum, ball halver laer.

No shpaut der Levi epawr mohl un guckt so ehrlich wie en gens-blum uf'ma kirich hof, das mir sheer net wissa eb mir es glawva sutta oder net. Der Levi kon die arigshta wobbers ufmacha aus gar nix das en judge net waes, bei hookey, ebs wahr is oder geloha.

"Sell kon glawva wear will," secht der Donnie, "ovver wie ich wocka bin warra, war ich im shtroh-shtall." Der donnie claimt des sassafril wear gedrugt gewest.

—DER GUST.

Jefferson and Venango.
(Copyright 1933 by R. T. Wiley)

The friend whose handclasp soothed your sorrow, whose smile lighted your dark hour, whose thoughtful silences and gay laughter brought sweet content and richer meanings to your life, has never left you. Though time and distance lie like a desert between you, the friend is still near. Having once entered your heart and called you by your name, he abides there always.

The prince of optimists is he who believes that poverty and work may be abolished at the same time.—Boston Transcript.

Publish Date: 15 June 1933

Title: ***Der Commencement Lebdawg***

Der Gust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Des Commencement Lebdawg.

Mei frau hut mich shnell noch'em shtor gshickt fer en halb pund vom zwet beshta coffee fer unser nocht essa. Wie ich am Bill Dunner sei shmitshop kum, ruft mir ebber. Ich guck rum un dart warra edehl von dena regular shtorhucker im shmitshop am shnitzela un mit enanner blaudera.

Uf kors, es wear net politie wan ich net ebissel abshtoppa deht. Es nemt ken dawg fer coffee zukocha. Ich laeg mich so shep wedder der shrawb-shtuck un shteck mei grutsapeif au. Der Levi wunert eb mei alte fertig wear haus butsa. Sell frokt er yusht fer en gshpraech zumacha.

Er mehnt des haus butsa wear sheer verbei, der hovver wear gsayt, awer nau dehta die verdulta commencemenner aufanga. Es wear eh nuisance noch der annera, un glei kehmta die micka uns zudrivelera. Wan er die laws zumacha het, secht er, mista die weibsleit license hava fer haus butsa, un selle license wear au goot fer tsegga dawg fisha.

Des commencement bisniss in dena shula, claimt der Bill, wear mehner shauda wie goot; es deht fiel gelt kushta un deht ken drei cent bawta. Wie er in die shul ganga is, hut der shulmeshter die dier zugshlossa freejahrs un sell huts ge-end. Wie die kinner alt genung warra fer'em dawdy oder der mommy zuhelfa, sin sie yusht deheem gebliva un ihra shul bicher in der barlor nevig des gsang-buch gelaegt. Do wara ken plomas un so der gleicha. Un die leit selle zeit warra besser wie nau, un die jails net so foll.

"Un, bei crackety," secht der grumbehnig Hen, "mir hen au ebbes gewist wie mir dirich die shul warra. Mir hen rechela, shreiva un laesa kenna wie en fendu-groyer."

"Wie fiel war siva mohl neina selle zeit, Hen?" frokt der Donnie. Der Hen secht er het sei rechel-buch ferlora.

—DER GUST.

Publish Date: 22 June 1933

Title: ***Es war net kalt***

Der Gust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Es War Net Kalt.

Der Bill Dunner, unser up-zu-date blackshmit, is der anner dawg, so am supper zeit rum, in der shtor kuma un war vershwitst von kup zu foos. Er hut geguckt wie en versufnie katz. Er Kauft en fertel pund shtor-kaes un en quart coal ail un geht hame.

Wie der Bill fert war, verzehlt der Levi uns buva das die anner woch wie's so blases haes war, wear der knibel in der Uxashettel kiricha bell abgshmulsa un der Bill het seller knibel witter goot in die gluck gsh-mit. Er hut en recht gooter job gemacht devon, yusht er hut der knibel unersht-evversht in die bell grickt, un wie der bella-zieger letsht Sundawg die bell gezoga hut fer die kirich awzufanga, sin die leit, bei gum, oll hame gableiba.

"Ya, es wear verdunert haes," fangt der Sol Shnitselholz aw. "Ich hab all mei hinkel in der keel keller gshpert selle haesa dawga. Edehl hen shun awgfanga halb-hert gekuchta oyer zulaga."

No shpaut der Levi epawr mohl ivver die borch naus un rollt sei chaw duwack von ehm bocka in der anner. Er gleicht net wan ebber ihn broviert zubeata am liega. Un es is aw net leicht zudu, bei hookey.

Er agreet es wear haes gewest, ovver wie er noch ghondelt het in biskatza heit in sei yunga dawga wear's so haes gewest gshwissa Grishdawg un Nei Jahr das die bauera kuchich wasser aus'em brunna gebumt hen fer die sei zubreeha. "Ich waes wahrhaftig en bauer der hut popcorn im sei-shtall katta un des hut awgfanga poppa un hut die sei gans zugedeckt. Die sei hen ge-mehnt es wear en shnay blizzard un sin, meiner sakes, alla drei verfrahra. Sell is die Bievel warheit, buva ich hab's selvert gsehna, un eb mir die sei raus grega ben kenna, warra sie gans brau geroasht."

Der Sol Shnitselholz butst sei awga aus un geht hame. —DER GUST.

Publish Date: 06 July 1933

Title: ***En Brill mecht helfa***

Der Gust Un Die Sus

Pennsylvania Dutch.

En Brill Mecht Helfa.

Do eweil hear geht der grumbehnig Hen zimlich regelmessig noch'em shtettel. Ball alla Samsdawg owit dresst er sich uf in sei beshta Sundawgs glaeder, rubber collar un gayl necktie. Uf kors, der Hen hut yusht zwae pawr hussa besides sei ivverhussa. Un allamohl das er noch'em shtettel geht all uf gedollt wie en barber pole, kawft er en halb pund gumdrops.

Mir blackgaerta der Hen ebissel eb die Maria witter im mirick wear fer en mon, awer er shmunzelt yusht wie en alter monkey imma kevich un secht yader mon het des recht zuheira wan er alt genung is; die Shrift deht sawga es wear net goot fer en mon alay zusei, un er deht an die shrift glawva.

Die Maria is sella dick un wuslich witfrau das der Hen als sehna is ganga letsht yahr, un shpaeter hut sie ihm der bounce gevva. Awer der Hen hut en gros herz un is reddy alles zufergevva un zufergessa. Er claimt es wear net die Maria ihra shuld gewest das sie net heirt hetta letsht yahr.

Der Hen is recht ufgelaebt un shtelt sich ah wie so'en glay hundel. Er shmutst sei pawr hor mit fett un sich en buttel perfumery kawft. Er schmockt wie wan er sich alla dawg in balsam tay rolla deht. Es is doch wunderbar was un schaene wit frau du kon zumma alta aesel.

Awer der Donnie mehnt es wear dum zuheira un sich sheer doat shawfa en frau zuennaera wamer en babba-goy kawfa kent fer epawr dollar. No breicht mer ken seidna shtrimp un allagebut en neiher hoot hame bringa, un wamer shpoat hame kehmt ebissel wacklich in die beh, kent en babba-goy genung shelta.

"Ya", advised der Levi, "bleib ladich, Hen, verhondel dei freiheit net fer en unner-ruck."

Awer die leib is blind un der grumbehnig Hen hut sei brill verlora.

—DER GUST.

The Yangtse River is 43 feet above

Publish Date: 06 July 1933

Title: ***Der Feart Julei***

Pennsylvania Dutch

By Der Gust Stultzfus.

DER FEART JULEI.

Letsht Dinshdawg war der Feart Julei. Er kumt alla yahr uf der same dawg. Der Russ Engle kon net vershteh verwas der dawg immer uf der Feart kuma mus. Er mehnt mer kent der Feart yusht so goot celebrata shpoat yahrs wan's keeler wear.

Die citizens do rum hen der Feart gcelebrated wie goota Amerikaner. Der Fred Bender hut sei shtor borch wunderlich shay gdecorated mit flags un about zeha yord von dem red-white-un-blue shtuft. An yaderm haus war en flag an en weshposhta gebunna das mer sheer gfeelt hut der Yankee Doodle zupeifa.

Die buva hen ortlich gelt im sock katta ivver der Feart, un sie hen shootin crackers un so annere fire-works gkauft wie die reicha. Der Russ Engle hut em Chon Hondwarick sei sour kersha gerubt fer die helft un sell hut ihm shpendin gelt gemacht. Der Foxy Yutter hut aw ivver'n dolar im sock kat. Wo er so viel gelt grickt hut waes die kuh. Uf kors, sin viel waega en ehrlicher cent zumacha. Der Coon Gnagey sawgt es wear ihm hinkel weck kuma do kerzlich.

Der grumbehnig Hen hut epawr dawga in der hoyet gshaaft un hut sei sock foll gelt katta. Er hut der Feart im shtettel gshpent un selle dick witfrau getreat mit ice-cream cones als sie gshleckt hut bis die micka in ihra ohra gegrattelt sin.

Sell is der waeg wie der Hen der Feart gcelebrate hut. Es is gewis en sind un en shond. Sei foreltera sin bor-feesich im shnay gemarcht un ihra bloot vergossa fer unser freiheit, un der Hen hut ken shootin cracker abgshossa der gansa dawg.

Wan en witmon in lieb fallt mit'ra witfrau, no waes er nimme, bei hookey, eb er en Chinamon is oder yusht en alte kalb. DER GUST

Publish Date: 13 July 1933

Title: ***Goomera Zulawd***

Pennsylvania Dutch

By Der Gust Stultzfus.

GOOMERA ZULAWD.

Dehl leit wolle behaupta das goomera zulawd wear en civilized essa, awer der Chon Opel sawgt es wear net fit fer en blinda sow; es wear ken essa, es wear en fressa. Er claimt mer kent sich gshwinter doat fressa mit goomera zulawd das mer sich doat saufa kent mit moonshine schnapps.

Uf kors, mer kon hendich sehna das der Chon ken goomera zulawd gleicht. Awer der Russ Engle sawgt wan ebber vershteh deht goomera zulawd zumacha wie sei frau, don wear's gohr greishlig goot zu essa, yusht mer darft ken sow von sich macha; zu fiel von ehnig ebbes wear zu fiel.

Awer der Chon Opel gebt net ei. Er shneit sich en frisher chaw duwack ab un kaut sell bis er sawfdich wert un sawgt er deht ehnig ebber zeha dollar wetta das der kirich hof net halver so foll wear wan die leit die greena goomera uf der misht hof shmeisa dehta inshtads sie in essig shneita un uf der dish shtella wie wan's mensha kosht wear.

Der Coon Gnagey sawgt der besht weg vor goomera zulawd zu macha wear die goomera in bletter zushneita, no sie eisalsa ivver nocht, un der neksht moria des gans waesa in's sei-foss shitta.

Der Aust Lichty war shrecklich grank die anner woch, un der ductor sawgt er het zu fiel goomera zulawd gessa un sich ivverhitst in die boit. Vor epawr dawg hut er nix gewist von Gott un die welt. Sie hen wahrhaftig geglawbt er gint die shtalka-fens naus, awer er hut sie all gfoolt, bei hookey.

Wie der Aust zu kuma is das er ebbes gewist hut, guckt er so bewildered in der shtub rum un froakt: "Wo bin ich? Bin ich im himmel?"

"Ach, nay," antwort sei frau, mit dreina, "konsht du net sehna ich bin yo do? Un do is au der parra."

DER GUST.

farmer, only to have the friend declare she bought from a dealer, pointing out that producer-owned roadside markets in that section used bags on which their names and addresses were printed.

Package inserts are good advertising, especially if they carry messages on future crops. Tales of new machinery or equipment which produce better fruits or vegetables, aid in making for better quality or cheapen production. The more homey and friendly these messages, the better. Customers realize you are a farmer and not a trained advertising writer. A good example of a package insert is that used by F. R. Dolman, Ohio fruit grower. It says:

FOR 30 CENTS
I'll sell one bu. of apples.
Not the fancy grade,
Not the choice, but
The best apple on the
Ridge for the money.

©, 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

Publish Date: 27 July 1933

Title: ***Es war lecherich***

enough.

Pennsylvania Dutch

Es War Lecherich.

Der Russ Engle huckt uf der shtor borch un lacht sich gans grum un shep. Mir buva watcha ihn un shmunsela, awer mir wissa net varwas er so lacht. Wen ebber lacht is es sheer wie wan ebber der mumps hut—es iss catching.

Es war arich kayose das der Russ sich so kinnerich awshtelt. Mir warra, bei hooky, gepuzzelt. Mir kenna net ausfiggera eb er bletslich aus'em kup kuma is, oder eb er yusht zu fiel 3.2 percent gedrunka hut. Der John Opel pishbert er deht so halver glawva der Russ het ebbes wie tickelitis.

Well, der Russ lacht so heftich das sei hussa-draeha abreisa wie wan sie yusht naets bendel weara. Er rollt sich uf der bonk rum un greisht un lacht. About selle zeit kumt en autybeel un stupt am shtor. Es war an ductor, un er gebt em Russ en grosser dose von ebbes das guckt wie schnapps.

Wie die buva sell sehna, fanga sie all aw lacha wie en lot verrickta aesel, awer der ductor shteckt die buttel in sei sock, geht uf sei machine un ab. Der John Opel sawgt mer kent sehna das seller kerl ken gooter ductor sei kent; verleicht wear er yusht so en hame-gemachter geila ductor wie der Rufus Bitchy.

No macht der Russ sei hussa-draeha fesht an die hussa mit'ma ten-penny nagel un fangt witter aw lacha un sawgt der Sam Zook het der parra katta fer mitdawg essa letsht woch, un am dish watcht em Sam sei Amos der parra als hinkel ins maul gawvelt. Endlich guckt der Amos sei mem aw un sawgt grad dart am dish; "Es is wahr was der pap geshter gesawgt hut ivver'em sei feedera, der parra kent hinkel fressa so shlick wie en sow welshkern."

—DER GUST.

MEYERSDALE TO HAVE

Publish Date: 03 August 1933

Title: ***Es war zu haes***

Pennsylvania Dutch

Es War Zu Haes.

Es war haes, ebissel haeser wie gewehnlich. Die sun hut uns sheer in der buttom gedrickt, un die shweis druppa sin an der naws abgedrupst wie kersha shtay. Die Sus hut eppel boy gebocka, un sie iss so dunners gshwitst das die boy gan greislich versalsa warra.

Hinnich der shire shtayt en grosser aecha boam, awer wie ich hie kum, warra shun drei von die buva dart im shawda am ruha. Sie hen ken arvit un sie wolla aw kenne. Sie hen all ortlich fiel verdeent in der hoyit un arndt. Ihra shtor bills sin bezahlt un yaders hut noch epawr dollar im sock. Der Mauny Bowser secht er kent net sehna verwas mer shoffa sut in der hits wan mir genung het zulaeva un noch credit am shtor.

Mir leiha dart im shawda un kauha duwack. Endlich fangt der Russ Engel aw shnerxa wie en gase-buck. Er hut sei maul hinne-wetter uf wie en shire door das mer wahrhaftig sheer nunner sehna kon in der fudergang. Uf ehmohl fallt en fetter, greener warem graud in sei maul. Es knabt zu wie en hausa-fall un der Russ shluckt seller dick warem mit haut un hoar.

Awer sell weckt ihn uf eb mir blumbsock sawga kon, un er verdreht die auga wie en kalb wan mir die ox uf der kup shlecht. Er secht er hut so en kayose feelin in seim mauga wie seller walt-fish was der Jonah gshluckt hut. Es deht ebbes grawtela un grawvela im seim mauga rum, un im maul dehts shmaucka wie wan er bitters gfressa het. Er wist der dunner net was lets wear.

Wie mir ihm sawga was ghappent hut, wert er gans weis bis hinnich die ohra, un gebt uns all good-bye. Er secht mir sutta all an seinera leicht kumma un em parra sawga er soll net so dunners long brediga, es wear zu haes.

—DER GUST.

Publish Date: 24 August 1933

Title: ***Wan die Zeiting net kumt*** & ***En Goot Gedechtniss***

Pennsylvania Dutch

Wan die Zeiting Net Kumt.

Mei dawdy sawgt die zeiting
Wear kenna waeg gans recht;
Er fint mit alles failer
Was die zeiting druckt un secht;
Des shtuft das sie nau drucka
Iss gohr net laeses waert;
Die news hut longa whiskers
Un yaders hut sie kaert.
Er waes net was sie mana;
Doch is er baes un brumt
Un kon sheer gohr net warta
Wan die zeiting net graud kumt.

Er laest von all die parties
Un waer all present war,
Un von der grossa hochtsich,
Sell macht ihn greislich sore.
Er claimt die gans darn zeiting
Waer yusht en weibsleit blatt;
Von base-ball un so dumheit
Wear immer zu fiel gsawt.
Du sutsht ihn ovver sana—
Er lawft do rum un brumt,
Dut grumela un dut shelta
Wan die zeiting net graud kumt.

Will aersht die zeiting hawva,
Er raecht mit baeda hend,
Laest sie mit grossa frieda
Von awfang bis zum end.
Er hut ken zeit zu shwesta;
In der shtilling laest er fahrt
Von die granka un die doata,
Waer do hie gaet un dahrt;
No sawgt er doch die zeiting
Het nix aw drin, un brumt,
Ovver du sutsht ihn mohl haera
Wan die zeiting gohr net kumt.

En Goot Gedechtniss.

Der anner dawg wie der Uncle Hiram sei shtor sacha kaufa will, hut er, bei hooky, nimme gewis was er greeha soll. Er hut en bendel um sei dauma gewicklet katta, ovver er hut gans vergessa katta was seller bendel bedeit. Endlich kauft er sich en pock duwack un gaet hame, ovver vergest der Mike zubezahla.

"Es is doch shrecklich wie vergesslich edale leit sin," maent der Bennie wie der Uncle Hiram draus war. Der Bennie claimt er het so en goote memory das mir finna kent in siva counties. Wan er emohl ebbes kaert oder gsehna het, date es shticka in seinera kup wie en glet imma kuhshwans.

"Es sin ovver drei dinga das ich behaft bin zuvergessa," secht der Bennie "Ich vergess garn die nahma von leit, un wan ich ebber ebbes ewenig shuldig bin, un des drit is:" No gratst er sei kup wie en hund wan er flaes hut un rollt sei chaw duwack aus ehm bocka in der anner. "Well nau des is kayose das ich net denka kon was des drit is das ich behaft bin zuvergessa."

No lacha mir all ebissel un sin ruhich fer en shpell. Yaders war dief in gedanka, ovver kens waes was er am denka war. Mir hucka dahrt rum un kauha duwack. Allegebut longt ance oder des anner in die cracker box oder memt sich en prune.

"Bennie," fangt der Levi uf emohl aw, "wan du graud nau in der sock longa daetsht un daetsht en finf dollar greenback im sock finna, was daetsht du denka?"

Mir shpitsa all unsera ohra un shmunzela wie en katz am'ma mouse loch. Mir wissa das der Levi der Bennie vernarra halta will. "Well," secht der Bennie un guckt der Levi au fer en minut un en halb, "wan ich finf dollar im sock finna daeht, wist ich bei gum, das ich net dei hussa au het."

—DER GUST.

Publish Date: 31 August 1933

Title: ***Es hut geraegert***

Pennsylvania Dutch

Es Hut Geraegert.

Es hut shrecklich geraegert fer feer dawg die letche woch un gshturmt das mer wahrhaftig gemehnt hut es gingt alles zugrund. Die Mommy Fisher hut ihra gros gebaet buch bei grickt das sie es hendig het wan's shlimmer deht warra. Die Mommy is en fromme frah, alsemohl.

Der Aust Lichty war aw arich bekimmert um sei saeligkeit. Er hut sei willa gemacht un hut aw sei leichta text in der Bievel gemarickt. Awer der Aust war gfoolt. Es hut nix draus gevva. Er is awer in en dreck loch gfalla uf'em waeg noch'em shtor un hut en nasser hussa-arsh grickt.

Der Russ Engle secht mir wist net wan en Sind-flud witter kuma mecht wie im Noah seinera zeit, un mer sut sich reddy greeha. Die leit weara gewis gottlos alleweil. Es het gans wennich gerechte leit do rum, un die helft von denna mist mer watcha. Er secht er het en idee mir buva sutta aw en ark bauha so das mir reddy weara wan's abgingt. Es is ebbes dart drin, bei hookey.

Der Chon Opel verzehlt uns wie er in sei yunga dawga emohl draus west gedravelt iss un es het so sonderbar geraegert fer dreiunzwansig, dawga das des bluck-heisel wo er shloaft fahrt gshwempt waer ivver en hocher barig, un wie er wocka iss warra, waer er gshwooma uf'ma grosser raver. "Un's funny ding," secht er als er ufshteht un shittelt sei hussa-beh nunner, "des wasser im tay-kessel war noch am kucha."

Mir shmunzela im'ma polita waeg wie wan mer's net glawva dehta. Der Sam Zook agreet es deht kayosa sacha gevva das mer sheer net glawva kent. "Ich waes recht goot," fangt er aw, "wie ich en buh war, war das wasser so hoch das die fish wahrhaftig versuffa sin."

DER GUST.

Publish Date: 07 September 1933

Title: ***Die Vacations sin verbei***

if his child were out in that crowd ahead.

Pennsylvania Dutch

Die Vacations Sin Verbei.

Die leit wass fert warra uf en vacation sin now bol oll witter dahame un so meed wie en yauk-hund. Ovver sie sauga sie hetta oll en dandy zeit kat. Der Link Faidley secht er date en sheckichie biskatza haut wette das yader en dreckicher liegner waer.

Ich un my alte frau, die Sus, warra dahame geblieva, un sellie haesa dawga hen mir unser shu un shtrimp ab (wan mir aenichie aw katta hen) un hen uns unnig der shawda baum gehuckt. Die Sus hut shtrimp geflickt un ich hab my peiffley gschmokt. So ebbes kent mir net du wan fert fert iss uf en vacation, un wan mer aw goot bezahlt fer mer kosht un bett.

Der Russ Engle hut mir vertsailt uf der waeg noch der kirich das sei schweshter un ihre mon von der shtadt hette ihra vacation gshpent uf a bauerei; sie hette gsehna im a zeiting der blatz sut so shay un ruhich sei, ovver sie hen schnell aus gefunna das es war net gans wie's ufgekrackt war.

Die kosht war yusht so-so, mit eppel-sass alla dawg, un es war aw net so schreklich ruhich. Owits hen about en hunerd bull-frauga en concert gevva hinnig die shire am dom, das sie wacherich gmacht warra die gansa nacht. Die mushkaeters hen gsunga un de leit verstucha das sie gucka data als wan sie die raedela hetta. Long ebs dawg war hen die hawna awgafanga s'graeha, un die hunda fer mila weit hen gebloft wie net gsheid. Un oll das sie sehna hen kenna von ihra bett-shtub fenshter warra die graubshtay in der kirich-hof. Un oll die blesshiera fer fuftzeh dauler die woch!

Doch hen sie hame gshrieva sie hetta en dandy zeit, un ihrem reicha uncle hen sie en picter vom cemetary gshickt un hen druf gshrieva: "Mir wincha du bisht do."

DER GUST.

(English Translation)

The Vacations Are Over.

The people who were away on a vacation are about all at home again and as tired as a hunting dog. But they all say they had a dandy time. Link Faidley says he will bet a spotted polecat hide that each is a dirty liar.

I and my old woman, Suze, stayed at home, and on those hot days we took off our shoes and stockings (if we had any on) and sat ourselves under the shade tree. Suze darned stockings and I smoked my little pipe. Something like that one can not do when one is away on a vacation, and pays good for ones board and bed, too.

Russ Engle told me on the way to church that his sister and her husband, from the city, spent their vacation on a farm; they had seen in a newspaper that the place was so nice and restful, but they soon found out that it was not altogether as it was cracked up to be.

The food was just so-so, with applesauce every day, and it was not so frightfully restful either. Evenings about one hundred bull-frogs gave a concert behind the barn, at the dam, that kept them awake the entire night. The mosquitos sang and stung the people until they looked as if they had the measles. Long before it was day the roosters began to crow and the dogs for miles around barked as if they were crazy. And all they could see from their bed-room window was the tombstones in the church yard. And all these pleasures for $15 a week!

Moreover, they wrote home that they were having a dandy time, and to their rich uncle they sent a picture of the cemetery and wrote on it: "We wish you were here."

GUST.

Many people admit that honesty is the best policy, but the sad commentary is that it often takes an inquiry to make them realize it.

Publish Date: 28 September 1933

Title: ***Du dei Beshtes***

Pennsylvania Dutch

DU DEI BESHTES.

Mir buva warra all an der brimary lection un hen der gansa dawg dart rum gshtonna un hen bolitics geblaudert. Wan mir buva des goverment runna dehta, don weara, bei hooky, die zeita shun long besser.

Die lection leit un selly karls was watcha warra ebissel geitsich mit ihra cigars des yahr. Ich un der Schnitz Knepper hen yusht ainy yaders gemanaged, un em Schnitz seine hut gesthunka wie wan sie von grout bletter gemacht wear. Verleicht war sie. Mer kon dena verdulta boliticians net alles glawva.

Der Russ Engel claimt es wear goot wan mer alla pawr yahr en neiha gang in office deht, das mehner en chance hetta vom government zulaeva. Immer ae set in office zuhalta deht ihn gemauna wie en lut sei die immer ihra reesel im seidrook hetta un wutta ken annera neksht lussa. Mer sut alsmohl en neiha set an der drook lussa bis sie goot uf g'feedert weara, un die alta wo gemesht sin naus in die hecka yawka. So hut der Russ gsawgt an der lection, yusht er war so halver verzernt weil sie ihm so en bumy cigara gevva hen.

Der Silas un sei fraw vom Hexa Barick warra an die lection kuma im'ma autybeel wie grossa bigbugs. Awer wie sie hame gewut hen is sei tin Lizzie, bei gum, shter-keppich werra wie en falsher aesel. Allamohl das der Silas ihra in die ribba kickt, rabbelt der alt koshta wie laera milich konna uf'ma bluts-wogga, un bleibt shtay.

Well, der Silas wert glaedich baes. Er sheikt ab un deckt der kessel uf un fingert an dena insides rum, awer es bot ken drei cent. No shlupt er unnig die machine un verreist sei Sundawgs hussa. No het ihr ihn awer haera solla. En fendugroyer het net besser du kenna.

"Silas," secht sei fraw, "du sutsht dich shemma so zuflucha. Waesht du net besser?"

"Well, Mandy," antwort er, "wan du besser konsht, don go ahead."

—DER GUST.

A North Carolina mule drowned in six inches of water. Is this a bad omen for the Democrats in the campaign next year?

Publish Date: 12 October 1933

Title: ***Buy now un bezahl Cash***

Pennsylvania Dutch

Buy Now un Bezahl Cash.

Des "Buy Now" claimt der Russ wear all recht wan mer ebbes mit zukawfa het, awer wie der heck kent en mon kawfa waner ken gelt het un der shtorkipper deht em nix may beiria. "Antwort mir sell," secht er als er uf der counter shlecht das die kase-box rabbelt.

Er secht sei frau deht aw so mehna, un sie het shun lenger gelaebt wie selle blei-pencil shlecker wo die dumheit uf grickt het. Sie secht mer kent ken hor rubba wo's kenna het. Sie war gelernt dehame acht zugevva uf ihra gelt un net mayner kawfa wie was mer brauch. Sie hut noch alta wega.

Awer der Fred, unser shtorkipper, secht mir dehta des dings net recht awgucka. Des "Buy Now" wear en tip-top idee, yusht sie hetta noch dezu macha solla un cash bezahla. Uf kors, der Fred hut blenty alt shtuft in seim shtor das er shrecklich gern los wear, yusht nemond verlong's. Edehl von dem shtuft hut er uf seina shelfter zitter der deivel en glay baevy war. Der Schnitz Knepper mehnt er ken's ball verkawfa fer antiques.

Als goota Amerikaner hen mir buva ausgemacht dem ding en ehrlicher trial zugevva, un ebbes von nanner kawfa wan mer's aw net breicha dehta. Der Hans Opel hut en shnitzel-bonk, un mir duna mohl der "Buy Now" idee uf selle broviera.

Well, ich hab sie ersht kawft vom Hans Opel fer dreizig cent uf credit. No hut der Sam Zook sie von mir kawft un hut's ufshreiva lussa. Der Coon Gnagey hut sie vom Sam kawft der same weg. So is es rum ganga bis yaders die shnitzel-bonk katta hut, awer so wenig gebreicht wie en sow en suppa-leffel. Endlich hut der Russ Engle sie ufhond awer ken gelt sie zubezahla.

Oh, ya, bisniss war brisk, awer yaders is nau dem annera dreizig cent shuldich fer en shnitzel-bonk. Brosberity is als noch vershlupt in der shtay-fens. —DER GUST.

It takes 15 days for the average human body to recover from the loss of two consecutive nights' sleep.

Publish Date: 19 October 1933

Title: ***Cider un Leibweh***

Pennsylvania Dutch

Cider un Leibweh.

Die anner woch war der Russ Engel do hinna in Hexa Dahl an der cider press en ganser dawg. Der neksht dawg war er im bett mit leibweh, bei gum. Awer sei "mommy" hut mir heit gsawgt er wear feela besser, yusht er deht noch net drauha weit von hame zugeh. Seeser cider is goot, awer en sow kon zufeel sawfa devon.

Mir buva hen em Russ bluma gshickt. Der Hans Opel hut en arem voll wilda bluma gerubt an der grick. Mir hen sie shay zamma gebuna mit'ma roata cord-bendel un sie nivver genumma zum Russ. Es hut ihn wahrhaftig ge-touched das er gshnipst hut, bei hooky, wie en ketzel wan's neesa mus. Er hut gsawgt es deht sei herz goot zusehna das sei freint an ihn denka dehta wan er leibweh het.

Awer die Mommy hut net so feel gedenkt von dena bluma. Sie hut der Lovina gsawgt es het en lut dreck gemacht. Awer die Lovina is may uf-zu-date un sie explained es wear der style unnig bigbugs bluma zubringa wan ebber grank wear; es deht sie gemauna an der doat.

Der Russ war net shtaraves grank, awer wie der Aust Lichty ihn bsucht hut, hut er drauverich geblaudert von lawdamacher un von sei zeit zushtarva. Der Russ secht er wear ken bissel bong von sei zeit do wear, yusht er wist das die Mommy es gar net gleicha deht von sie en witt frau sei mist.

Sie hen ken ductor katta. Der Russ mehnt wan er shtarva mist, deht der Mommy ihra boneset tay so feel helfa wie em ductor sei pilla un deht net so feel kushta. Un besides es wear immer sei wuensh gewest en natierlicher doat zushtarva.

—DER GUST.

Cider and Bellyache.

The other week Russ Engle was back here in Witch Hollow at the cider press a whole day. The next day he was in bed with belly ache, by gum. But his "mammy" told me today that he is felling better, but he did not dare yet to go far from home. Sweet cider is good, but a hog can swill too much of it.

We boys sent Russ flowers. John Opel pulled an armfull of wild flowers at the creek. We tied them together nicely with a red cord string and took them over to Russ. It really touched him so that he sniffled, by hooky, like a kitten when it has to sneeze. He said it did his heart good to see that his friends thought about him when he had the belly-ache.

But "Mammy" did not think so much of those flowers. She told Lovina that they made a lot of dirt. But Lovina is more up-to-date and she explained that it was the style among the bigbugs to bring flowers when someone is sick; it reminded them of death.

Russ was not deathly sick but when Aust Lichty visited him, he conversed sorrowfully about coffin-makers and about his time to die. Russ said he was not in the least afraid of his time being here, only he knew that "Mammy" wouldn't like it all if she had to be a widow.

They had no doctor. Russ thought if he had to die, Mammy's boneset tea would do as much good as a doctor's pills, and not cost as much. And besides, it had always been his wish to die a natural death.

Publish Date: 02 November 1933

Title: *Criticism of "Der Gust"*

THE MISADVENTURES OF PROF. FRANK WITT

Will somebody please page "Der Gust," the Pennsylvania Dutch columnist of the Meyersdale Republican, and give him the "low down" on the latest misadventures of "unser gelaerter shulemaishter," of Summit Mills. "Gust" made mention of Witt's recent visit to the Chicago World's Fair, in his column last week, but there's a lot more that "Gust" might say about the learned pedagog, in classic Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, if he knew the facts.

"Gust" probably was not at the public sale in "die Yutter Shtad" last Saturday. Frank Witt was there as usual. When a big hand bell was offered for sale Mrs. Witt bid on it "for Frank a school bell." Frank topped her bid on it "for a dinner bell"—and got it too. But Rob Keim says Mrs. Witt would better use it to get Frank up in the morning—as if that could.

Mrs. Witt some time ago sent Frank to the store for laying mash—to make chickens lay—and some whole wheat flour. "Blab," the clerk, got the order mixed and Prof. Witt got laying mash porridge for breakfast for a week before the mistake was discovered, but he hasn't laid any eggs yet.

Prof. Witt was a good customer at the sale and bought a talking machine too. He said he was tired of hearing his wife do all the talking in their home. But before he could smuggle Miss Humanola into the house, a radio dealer was at the door with a sample of his goods. Frank had his match then for awhile, but when there is too much talk at home, he can always escape to the store where there is peace and quiet, at least until John Imhoff starts eulogizing F. D. R. and N. R. A.

COURT NOTES

Publish Date: 16 November 1933

Title: ***Sie warra hunda***

heating plants.

Pennsylvania Dutch

Sie Warra Hunda.

Yaders von de buva hut epawr hawsa hame gebrucht, except der Dennis Yutter. Er hut ken shwans grickt. Er shweart ebber het sei bix verhext. Grad im shtaert het er en wobber vom'ma haws sehna hucka im'ma fensa eck, un er het sivva mohl gshussa un allamohl verfehlt. Der Dennis shteht druf wie er des sivvet mohl gshussa het wear en blower shmoke in em fensa eck un der haws war fert. Er will sei bix zum hexa ductor nemma ivver Sundawg.

Der Russ Engle verzehlt er het en gshwarl gshussa un er wear runner gfalla blums uf'en haws un het ihn so doat geshlawga wie en eigsalsner mackerel. Er secht wan er's net selvert gsehna het, deht er's net glawva wan's en brederiger es sawga deht von der pulpit.

Der Hans Opel war aw mit shiesa un er hut epawr gshwarl grikt. Er secht es wear gar wunnerlich wie er sie grickt het. Er het gemehnt er deht en gshwarl sehna un er het gshussa; wie er nc recht geguckt het wear's en gnarra loch gewest, ovver drei gshwarl weara zumma annera gnarra loch raus gfalla doat.

Der Coon Gnagey war nau gshtaert un secht er het kaert vom'ma karl wo tsway hawsa un en fasant geshussa het mit ain shus, yusht er kent sell sheer net glawva, ovver es kent so sei. Er wist recht goot wie er en yunger mon war, wear en drub botterresel uf gflooga un er het yusht en alte flint katta, ovver er het bei gum, die gans drub von drei-un-zwansig botter-resel gshussa mit ain shus. Sie dawdy ken's uns sawga wan er noch laeva deht.

DER GUST.

(English Version)

They Were Hunting.

Each of the boys brought home a couple of rabbits except Dennis Yoder. He did not get even a tail. He swears somebody bewitched his gun. Right at the start he saw a whopper of a rabbit sitting in a fence corner, and he took seven shots and missed every time. Dennis declares, and stands by it, that when he fired the seventh shot, a blue smoke was in the fence corner and the rabbit was gone. He will take his gun to a witch doctor on Sunday.

Russ Engle recounts that he shot a squirrel and it fell down on a rabbit and struck it as dead as a salt mackerel. He says if he had not seen it happen himself, he wouldn't believe it, even if a preacher told it from the pulpit.

John Opel also went along shooting and got a couple of squirrels. He says it is quite wonderful how he got them. He thought he saw a squirrel and shot, but when he took a good look he saw it was a knot hole, but three squirrels fell together, dead, out of another knot hole.

Coon Gnagey now got started and said he heard of a fellow who shot two rabbits and a pheasant with one shot, but he can hardly believe it, yet it could happen. He remembers quite good how, when he was a younger man, a flock of bob-whites flew up and he had only an old flint, but, by gum, he shot the entire flock of 23 bob-whites with one shot. His daddy could tell us so if he was still living.

GUST.

FAIR PREMIUMS PAID.

Publish Date: 30 November 1933

Title: ***Im Elevator Fahra***

to repeat the wets' argument that "a law cannot be enforced without the concurrence of the masses of the people." That principle put Prohibition on the rocks, we need not be reminded, and will possibly put anything else on the rocks that closely approximates that description.

* * *

Dr. Glenn Frank, whom I met the other day when we were both storming the same Minnesota barn, told me this one about the late Chief Justice William Howard Taft:

Henry P. Davidson, who had been with difficulty induced to attempt to speak in public but who had developed into a most fluent orator, was appointed to introduce Mr. Taft at some function where both the ex-President and Frank were speakers. Mr. Davidson, carried away with his own fervor, used up an hour and a half introducing Mr. Taft who had to catch a train twelve minutes later.

A few days afterward, when Frank met the adipose ex-Chief Executive, he said:

"Mr. Taft, that was a fine long introduction you got the other night."

Mr. Taft threw back his head and laughed heartily, saying:

"Yes, he reminded me of Bill Smith's calf. They had to pull his ears off to get him to the teat and pull his tail off to get him away."

Pennsylvania Dutch

IM ELEVATOR FAHRA.

Der alt Hezikiah Rampsbarger wohnt uf dera seid em Hexa Barig. Er war seilaeva net keirt, awer er hut immer en fette sow im shtall. Selle kon ihm genung knarra, secht er, wan mir ihm als froga verwas er net heira deht. Er gleicht zujoka so goot wie er gleicht sei shnapps zudrinka.

Letsht Samsdawg kumt der Hezikiah in der shtor un mir blaudera von NRA un von seinera sow. Er verzehlt uns er wear seilaeva yusht a mohl im a grossa shtad gewest un er wear, bei gum, sheer umslaeva kuma. Er het Gott gedankt wie er witter sei sow haera het knarra.

Er secht wie er von der drain gshtept wear, het er verhudelt gefeelt. Die shtrosa warra so voll mensha, sie hetta ihn sheer unnig die fees genumma. Sie hetta ihn uf die zeha rum gedopt un ihn hie un haer gepusht wie waner yusht en derra keh-dreck wear.

Im a shtor hut er die arigsht zeit katta. Er secht er het dert so geduldich shtawna wie en meetie kuh, un no het ebber en dier ufgemacht nevich ihm un en lut leit weara do nei, un er wear aw nei gepusht.

"Don hut en karl so falsh rum geguckt," secht der Hezikiah, "un hut en eisnie dier shnell zugarissa. Dert warra mir wie rotta im a fall. No geht der gans kevich ab in dehay wie en gwitter shtrawla. Ich hab, bei gum, gemehnt es gint grad nuf in der himmel. No shtupts, un der karl macht die dier uf un ich un epawr annera sin shnell raus gshlipt eb der karl rum guckt. Awer annera warra net so shlick un die sin fert zum dach, naus, un ich hab sie nimme gsehna."

Der Yost Summy mehnt der Hezikiah mecht sie verleicht awdreffa in der aewigkeit.

—DER GUST.

(English Version)

RIDING IN THE ELEVATOR.

Old Hezekiah Rampsbarger lives on this side of Witch Mountain. He was during his lifetime not married, but he always has a fat hog in his stable. That one can grunt enough for him, he says, when we ask him why he does not get married. He likes to joke as well as he likes to drink his whiskey.

Last Saturday he comes in the store and we converse about NRA and about his hog. He tells us that he was during his lifetime only one time in a large town and, by gum, he almost lost his life then. He thanked God when he again heard his hog grunt.

He said when he stept off the train he felt bewildered. The streets were so full of people that they almost took him under their feet. They tramped around on his toes and pushed him here and there as if he was just a piece of dry cow-dung.

In a store he had the awfulest time. He said he was standing there as patiently as a tired cow and then someone opened a door beside him and a lot of people went into it and he was also pushed into it.

"Then a fellow looked around so furtively," said Hezekiah, "and quickly slammed an iron door shut. There we were like rats in a trap. Then the whole outfit went up in the air like a flash of lightning. I thought, by gum, it was going straight up into heaven. Then it stopt and the fellow opened the door and I and a couple of others quickly slipped out before the fellow looked around. But the others were not so slick, and they went off to the roof out, and I never saw them again."

Yost Summy thinks Hezekiah might perhaps meet them in eternity.

GUST.

TWO CHIMNEY FIRES ARE QUICKLY QUENCHED

The Meyersdale Fire Department answered two fire alarms during the past week.

Last Saturday at noon the old Humanola factory on Meyers Avenue caught fire from a spark from a chimney. The firemen had the fire under control in a very short time and the damage was small. The building is used as an office and storage room for the F. W. Bender Implement Co.

On Monday morning, about 9 o'clock, the firemen were called to the home of Allen Hahn, who lives on the outskirts of town along the B. & O. Railroad. The roof had caught fire from a spark from a chimney. Little damage was done.

Publish Date: 07 December 1933

Title: ***Sanksgiving***

Pennsylvania Dutch

SANKSGIVING.

Sanksgiving Dawg war witter do
Un is aw shun vorbei.
Die hinkel gocksa wie defor,
Die hahna sin noch shy.

Die mem shtayt uf, sie is gans free,
Sie will pawr kucha bocka;
Der dawdy ziegt sei shteevel aw
Un geht ans cord holz hocka.

Die kinner kuma hame der dawg,
Un sell is shay un recht;
Sie foola mit dem alta hund
Un blaudara mit dem knecht.

Die mem is bissy in der kich,
Sie lacht, sie is so froh;
Im offa roasht der turkey shun,
Die kinner sin all do.

Der Henny un sei dicka fraw,
Mit ihra siva kinner,
Hen all en grosser abbadit
Un fressa wie die rinner.

Die Mary Ann kumt ufgedresst,
Sie wohnt, uf kors, im shtettel,
Un ihra mon will shttylish sei
Un est doch wie der bettel.

Mir soll all danka uf den dawg
Un aw ebissel baeta;
Der dawdy hult der cider bei,
Sell gebts uns grossa fraeda.

Un Grosser Himmel, guck emohl,
Der dish is shwer gelawda
Mit alles was mer denka kon,
Dem mauga dut's ken shawda.

Sie lacha un sie essa fert,
Es is ken bessera blots;
Die turkey knocha frest der hund
Un gravy grickt die kotz.

Sanksgiving Dawg is nau vorbei,
Sie kenna's net vergessa,
Sin dankbar un bekenna aw
Sie hetta zuviel gfessa.

—DER GUST.

(English Version)

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving Day was again here,
And is also already gone by.
The chickens cackle as before,
The roosters are yet shy.

Mam stands up, she is entirely happy,
She will a few cakes bake;
Daddy pulls his boots on
And goes to cord wood cutting.

The children come home this day,
And that is nice and right;
They fool with the old dog
And gossip with the hired man.

Mam is busy in the kitchen;
She laughs, she is so glad;
In the stove roasts the turkey already;
The children are all here.

Henny and his thick wife,
With their seven children,
Have all a big appetite
And feed like the heifers.

Mary Ann comes dressed up,
She lives, of course, in town,
And her man will stylish be,
And eats yet like the beggar.

We should all give thanks on this day
And also pray a little.
Daddy brings the cider by;
That gives us great joy.

And Great Heaven, look once!
The table is heavy laden
With everything we can think of;
The stomach it does no harm.

They laugh and they eat on;
There is no better place;
The turkey bones, eats the dog,
And gravy, gets the cat.

Thanksgiving Day is now gone by
They cannot forget it;
Are thankful and know too
They have too much eaten.

Publish Date: 14 December 1933

Title: ***Shweina Flaish Tox un Baloney Gelt***

Pennsylvania Dutch

SHWEINA FLAISH TOX UN BALONEY GELT.

Der Sam Zook hut uns verzehlt im shtor sie hetta en bauer gerresht im shettel fer brodwersht un ponhaws verkaufa. Er het ken brocessing tox oder so ebbes bezahlt, according zu law. Er secht wan en bauer nau en sow butchera deht un deht brodwersht un so degleiches macha un verkaufa, kehmt er unnig die brocessing tox law.

"Wo is unser freiheit?" frokt der Russ Engel als er en frisher chaw duwack bettelt. Er mehnt mir dehta shmart menner electa fer goota laws zumacha, un no dehta sie uns toxa das mir bong sei mist zushnaufa. Der Russ wert gans wilt wie en hund wan mer ihm uf der shwans draeht, un yammert wan die soldata es wissa deht was gfuchta hen mit bludicha fees im shnay, fer unser freiheit, dehta sie drei mohl im grawb rum dreha.

Der Shnits Knepper mehnt aw mir hetta gans un gar zu viel laws; mer kenta die zeita net verbessera bei law so wenig wie mer en shwartse sow weis macha kon mit baeta. Edehl von dena laws sin so dum wie em alta Gratsfuss sei braucherei fer leibweh. Er claimt sie dehta yusht die kushta von laeves uf raisa das der arem mon gshwinter uf's county kumt oder verhungert. According zu law, explaint der Shnits, darf der Norman Heckler sei quality shmier nimme peddela, un die Mommy Shmucker darf aw net ihra derra eppel shnits may vershwaba im shtor fer molassich un so dings. Der Bennie flucht eb sie so en tox bezahla dehta, dehta sie die shnits zu, die sei feedera, oder dehta noch Conadaw ziega, oder irits shunsht wo mer brodwersht essa kent in freeda.

Die government buva tinkera aw am gelt rum, secht der Hans Opel, so das nemond may waes was en dolar wert is; heit shawft en mon sich grum un lawm fer drei dolar, un eb er hame kumt sin sie yusht may zwa wert. "Baloney," secht der Bennie als er ivver der coala kessel fallt.

—DER GUST.

(English Version)

HOG MEAT TAX AND BALONEY MONEY.

Sam Zook told us in the store that they arrested a farmer in town for selling sausage and ponhaus. He had not paid processing tax or something like that, according to law. He said when a farmer now butchers a hog and makes and sells sausage and such delicacies, he comes under the processing tax law.

"Where is our freedom?" asked Russ Engle as he begged a fresh chew of tobacco. He allowed that we elect smart men to make good laws and then they tax us until we must be afraid to breathe. Russ was clear wild like a dog when one tramps on his tail, and yammered that if the soldiers who fought with bloody feet in the snow for our freedom, knew about it, they would turn around three times in the grave.

Snitz Knepper also believed we have entirely and quite too many laws; we can't better the times by law, the least bit more than we can make a black hog white by praying. Some of these laws are as dumb as old Scratchfoot's powwowing for bellyache. He claims they just increase the cost of living so that the poor man comes quicker on the county, or starves. According to law, Snitz explained, Norman Hechler daren't peddle his quality salve any more, and Mammy Shmucker, also, dare not swap her dried apple snitz at the store for molasses and such things. Bennie swears that before they will pay such a tax, by crackey, they will feed the snitz to the hogs, or move to Canada or somewhere else where one may eat sausage in peace.

The government boys are also tinkering around with our money, remarked John Opel, so that nobody knows any more what a dollar is worth; today a man works himself crooked and lame for three dollars, and before he comes home, they are worth just two. "Baloney," remarks Bennie, as he falls over the coal hod.

PENN STATE STUDENTS

Publish Date: 21 December 1933

Title: ***Der Belsnickel hut nix***

Pennsylvania Dutch

Der Belsnickel Hut Nix.

Der Bennie frokt alla dawg eb net en brief in der mail wear fer ihn. Er sheint sonderbar ge-disappointed zusei wan er nix grickt. Er huckt im shtor rum so drauverich wie wan sei fette sow verreckt wear.

Er shwetst net mayner wie er mus un no shittelt er yusht der kup un grummelt wie en hund wan er am fressa is. Mir kenna net ausmacha was lose sei-kent mit unserm nochbar. Uf kors, er grickt so shpells allagebut un glei witter, un abbatich im foll moant. Die naeher die feirdawga kumma, die shlimmer wert es mit'em Bennie. Fer en gansa woch hut er ken chaw duwack gebettelt. Sell weist das ihn ebbes druvelt, un das er weit von normal is.

Mir frok'en alla owit wie er feela deht, awer er mummelt yusht "So-so." Awer der anner owit wie er witter nix grickt hut in der mail, fangt er, bei jubers, aw heila wie en kind. Mir hen ihn geh gelust un er hut sei roat shnub duch foll ruts un wasser gebrilt. Mir hen all ebissel gshnipst, awer mir hen net gewist ferwas. So gehts doch oft. Mir hen duwack gekaut wie en lut alta gaesbeck, un unser naes ins shnub duch geblowsa das mer gemehnt hut en band kehmt. Endlich frokt der Bill, "Grosser Himmel, Bennie, was is lose?"

Er butst sei awga aus un shnipst noch epawr mohl wie en ketsel wan mer ihra naesel in die milich rent, un secht er het in der zeiting gelaesa die benka dehta die leit Grishdawg checks shicka, awer er het noch kenner grickt, un er het aw gemehnt er wut seinera mommy en Grishkindel kaufa, wie en weshzuver oder so ebbes, awer nau mist ihra shtrump laer bleiva.

Der Levi will der Bennie draeshta un secht, "Hab yusht geduld, der Belsnickel hut verleicht zufiel in der naws, awer er sobert noch uf eb Grishdawg."

Der horig Hen mehnt es gaebt noch mayner laera shtrimp des jahr. En shnapps kusht may wie en laeb brod.

—DER GUST.

(English version)

Santa Claus Has Nothing.

Bennie asks every day whether there is a letter in the mail for him. He seems to be very much disappointed when he gets nothing. He sits around in the store as sorrowful as if his fat hog had died.

He talks nothing more than he must, and then he only shakes his head and growls like a dog when he is eating. We can not make out what the matter can be with our neighbor. Of course, he gets such spells every now and then and soon again, and especially in the full moon. The nearer the holidays come, the worse it is with Bennie. For a whole week he has not begged a chew of tobacco. That shows that something troubles him and that he is far from normal.

We ask him every evening how he is feeling, but he just mutters "So-so." But the other evening when he again got nothing in the mail, he began, by jubers, to cry like a child. We let him go and he bawled his red handkerchief full of snot and water. We all wept a little but did not know why. So it often goes. We chewed tobacco like a lot of old goatbucks, and blowed our noses in the handkerchief until we thought a band was coming. Finally Bill asked. "Great heaven, Bennie, what is loose?"

He wiped his eyes out and sobbed yet a couple times more like a kitten when we run its nose in the milk, and said he read in the newspaper that the banks were sending the people Christmas checks, but he had got none yet, and he had thought he would buy his mammy a Christmas gift, like a washtub or something like that, but now her stocking will have to remain empty.

Levi wants to comfort Bennie and says: "Just have patience; Santa Claus maybe got too much in the nose, but he will sober up before Christmas."

Hairy Hen remarked that there will be more empty stocking than ever this year. A dram costs more than a loaf of bread.

GUST.

Publish Date: 28 December 1933

Title: ***Grischdawg Bresent Gevva***

triumphantly.—New York Times.

Pennsylvania Dutch

Grishdawg Bresents Gevva.

Der Belsnickel war doch witter zimlich goot. Er hut uns all ebissel ebbes in der shtrump gedu. Uf kors, in dena herta zeita hen feel shtrimp lecher un edehl hen, bei jubers, der gans fershta raus. Mer ken net so feel expechta. Der Russ Engel weart ken shtrimp. Er claimt yusht sissies dehta shtrimp weara, awer en rechter he-mon deht yusht rins-fee lederna shteevel weara.

Em Sam sei fraw, die Lovina, hut en likeniss grickt von ihra shweshter im shtettel fer en Grishdawg bresent, un sie is arich shtults mit. Awer der Sam secht es deht net so ainlich gucka—sie het ihra maul zu—es deht feel gucka wie sei fraw wan sie shloafa deht.

Der Benjy hut awer seinera mommy en shay bresent gevva, wie kinner sutta. Er hut ihra ear-muffs kauft. Er claimt so dinga weara mayner brauchbar wie en cigaret lighter fer sie mommy. Sie kent ihra awhra warem halta wan sie der kirich bonert uf het annera leicht oder sei-fendu.

"Ich glawb," secht der Benjy, "en mon sut Grishdawg bresents kaufa noch seim gelt sock, un net yusht fer sich gros weisa. Es is net was mer gebt," secht er, "awer wie. Mei ear-muffs sin ausgewora."

Der Frank Witt sei fraw hut en hond-duch grickt von ihra alte ant, awer es war so fancy das sie bong war ihra hend draw abzubutsa, un sie het en lut hond-dicher von fuder seck gemacht. So hut sei fraw des fancy hond-duch ihra cousin gevva fer Grishdawg, un die cousin hut bei hooky, es witter dera alta ant gshickt dirich die pusht-office fer ihra Grishdawg bresent.

"Des bresents gevva uf Grishdawg," sawgt der Frank, "is sheer wie en merry-go-round."

—DER GUST.

(English Version)

Christmas Presents Given.

The Belsnickel (Santa Claus) was again ordinarily good. He did put a little something in each one's stocking. Of course, in these hard times, many stockings have holes and some of them, by jubers, have the whole heel out. One can not expect too much. Russ Engle does not wear any stockings. He claims only sissies wear stockings, but a real he-man wears only cattle leather boots.

Sam's wife, Lovina, got a likeness of her sister from town for a Christmas present, and she is very proud of it. But Sam says it does not look like her—she has her mouth shut—it looks like his wife when she is asleep.

Benjy gave his mother a nice present like a good child should. He bought her some ear muffs. He claims such things are more appropriate than a cigaret lighter for his mammy. She can keep her ears warm when she has her church bonnet on at a funeral or a hog-auction.

"I believe," says Benjy, "a man should buy Christmas presents, according to the money in his pocket, and not just to show himself big. It is not what one gives, " says he, "but how. My ear muffs are worn out."

Frank Witt's wife got a towel from her old aunt, but it was so fancy that she was afraid to wipe her hands on it, and she has a lot of towels made of feed sacks. So she gave this fancy towel to her cousin for Christmas, and the cousin, by hooky, again sent it to the old aunt through the postoffice for her Christmas present.

"This giving of presents on Christmas," says Frank, "is almost like a merry-go-round." —GUST.

Publish Date: 04 January 1934

Title: ***En Drauvericher Awfang***

economists to believe that John Bull is on the way out of the depression without a reorganization of his government or its economic system. An improvement in the so-called capital goods industries here, it is hoped, will soon show that Uncle Sam is on solid ground, too, and is not depending entirely for his business health on the flooding of the country with government money which somebody will have to repay through increased taxes.

Pennsylvania Dutch

EN DRAUVERICHER AWFANG.

Des alt yawr is vorganga, un mir buva sin all en yawr elter. Mir hucka im shtor so drauverich wie annera leicht. Der wind heilt wie wan's ihm aw verlaet wear. No fangt noch der Shnits Knepper so fromm aw, un secht mir weara aw all en shrit naeher am grawb. Des macht epawr von uns shnipsa. Uf kors, der Shnits ziegt die kiricha bell fer leichta, un macht aw die graever, un en shrit naeher am grawb deht brosperity helfa.

Der Herman mehnt, als er en chaw duwack bettelt, die leit wo shterk gelaebt hetta mista zway shrit naeher sei, un hetta ken gelt der grawbmacher zubezahla. Awer er claimt er un die Amanda weara noch goot fer noch en yawr, un ken lawdamacher breicht sich uf sie verzehla fer en job in de nekshta zwelf moneta. Er secht er het particler acht gevva shun fer fufzig yawr wan sie der Grishdawg ivver leava dehta, don breicht nemond ken grawb macha fer sie sell nei yawr. No shpaut er en halb bint duwacks bree hinnig die cracker box.

Der Hans Dietle mehnt es wear verleicht goot wan mir mohl witter all neiha Nei Yawr resolutions macha dehta, die alta weara ball all verlora oder verbrucha. Mir weara all en shrit naeher am grawb, wie der Shnits sawga deht, un mir breichta ball en grawbshteh, un mir sutta besser du so das der grawbshtehhocker ebbes awntliches het uf der shteh zuhocka. Uf kors, es is wie der Dietle secht, mayner leit laesa die shrift uf die grawbshteh wie sie die Bievel laesa, un mehna es deht helfa zu ihra seligkeit.

Ovver der Russ Engle secht er kent net sehna wie er sich feel verbessera kent; er deht shawfa wan er aravet het; er deht sei shulda bezahla so goot wie er kent, un deht net liega wan's net not-wennig wear, un besides en glayner grawbshteh wear ihm goot genung. DER GUST.

(English Version)

A Sorrowful Beginning.

The old year is gone and we boys are all a year older. We sit in the store as sad as at a funeral. The wind moans as if it was sad for it too. Then Snitz Knepper begins mournfully and says we are all a step nearer to the grave. This makes a couple of us sniffle. Of course, Snitz pulls the church bell for funerals and also makes the graves, and a step nearer the grave helps prosperity.

Herman remarks, as he begs a chew of tobacco, that people who live fast must be two steps nearer and have no money to pay the grave-maker. But he claims he and Amanda are good for another year yet, and no coffin-maker needs to count on them for a job in the next twelve months. He said he gave particular attention for fifty years that when they live over Christmas, then no one needs make a grave for them that new year. Then he spat a half pint of tobacco juice behind the cracker box.

John Dietle suggests that it might perhaps be good if we all would make new New Year's resolutions again; the old ones are all lost or broken. We are all a step nearer the grave, as Snitz has said, and we all will soon need a gravestone, and we ought to do better so the gravestone cutter will have something honorable to cut on the stone. Of course it is as John Dietle says, more people read the scriptures on the tombstones than they read the Bible, and think it helps their soul's salvation.

But Russ Engle says he can't see how he could better himself much; he labors when he has work, to pay his debts as good as he can, and does not lie when it is not necessary, and besides a little tombstone is good enough for him. GUST.

There is a superstition (I was told by a Pennsylvania Dutch visitor to Washington) that those who were born on a Christmas day can, if they listen attentively, hear cattle talk during the holidays. This is undoubutedly true. Even those who were born on other days in the year can hear a lot of bull even without listening so closely.

* * *

May all the happenings to you
Till nineteen thirty five
Be such as do not make you blue,
But glad that you're alive.

A CHEMICAL CHILD.

A West Virginia perfect lady
Of noble birth, not one bit shady,
Says she is going to have a baby
From drinking cherry tea—yeah, maybe.
From cherry tree-leaf juice injected
Into her arm a babe's expected.
The A.P. says so, and we think
When babies are made from leaves and ink
We'll shut our shop, lay down our pen
And quit home-making for fair, then.
—Exchange.

Why Not Read The Republican.

Publish Date: 01 March 1934

Title: ***Deefer Shnay***

Pennsylvania Dutch

DEEFER SHNAY.

Shnay un kissel,
Winter kelt;
Is en grissel,
Was en welt!

Deefer shnay,
Braidie ship,
Boogel way
Un der grip.

Kalta hend,
Warma offa;
Hut en end
Woll mer hoffa.

Nees ebissel,
Werra grank;
In're shissel
Mit fett im shank.

Sunna shei,
Shlop un dreck,
Bei un bei
Shnay is weck.

Winter kumma,
Kalta nays;
Shayna bluma,
Witter hays.

So gehts immer,
Hits un kelt;
Efters shlimmer
Un ken gelt.

Laeva bitter,
Yusht fer heit;
Sun sheint witter,
Froehlichkeit.

—DER GUST.

Maple Syrup Cans, $5.50 per crate, cash only, at C. A. PHILLIPS'.

Publish Date: 26 July 1934

Title: ***En NRA Yortshtecka***

Pennsylvania Dutch

En NRA Yortshtecka.

Wan der grumbehnig Hen sich ivverhussa kauft, sin sie immer zu long in de beh. Er war sei laeva ebissel glay fer sei graes, un aw kerz in gedanka. Sei Mommy secht er wear long genung gewocksa, awer immer glay gebliva. Er claimt en full shtendicher mon zu sei, awer er is, bei jubers, yusht drei-fertel reggler size. Er is wie der nei dollar was mer nau hen. Es haest en dollar awer es is yusht sechzig cent.

Mir buva sin net so dief gelaert, except der Chon Handwerk, un er duts admitta er deht die verdult gelt law yusht so halver vershteh, un er deht net glawva das die Congressmenner feel wissa deht devon, yusht sie darfta die leit sell net wissa lussa. Ihra speecha weara en lut baloney. Er claimt en dollar sut en dollar sei, net mayner, net wennicher.

Der Russ Engle secht die gelt bisniss deht ihm kupweh macha, awer er wear froh das des goverment witter grossa silverna dollar macha wut. Er deht sell gelt gleicha. So gelt kent mer aw robbela im sock wie en shparkett, un wan mer en dollar uf der counter shmeist, wert der shtorkipper wocka. Wan mer so en dollar im sock hut, don hut mer aw gelt un net yusht en dreckich shtick gree babier.

Der nei dollar, explaint der Frank Witt, soll en regler dollar sei von eh hunert cent, awer doch yusht sechzig cent wert. Ken dutsent shulmeshter kon sell ausfiggera mit all ihra bicher. Mer kon nimma so feel derra shnitz un so dings kaufa fer en dollar. Awer die lawmacher sawga sell wear der waig wie mer prosperity bei lucka mist.

Der Hans Opel secht er kent en karl als en yortshtecka gemacht het als yusht zway fus long waer awer het sex-un-dreisig zull wie en regler yortshtecka, yusht die zull sin kerzer. Er claimt sell wear der waig fer bisniss zu boosta. Es is en NRA yortshtecka. Die anner woch, hen sie der karl ins narra-haus g' shickt.

DER GUST.

(English Version)

An NRA Yardstick.

When bow-legged Hen buys himself overalls, they are always too long in the legs. He was all his life a bit small for his age, and also short in his thinking. His mammy says he was growing long enough, but always remained little. He claims to be a full-sized man, but he is, by jubers, just three-fourths regular size. He is like the new dollar that we now have. It is called a dollar, but it is just sixty cents.

We boys are not so deeply learned except John Handwerk, and he admits that he only about half understands the vexed money law, and he does not believe that the Congressmen know much about it either, but they dare not let the people know that. Their speeches are a lot of boloney. He claims a dollar should be a dollar, not more, not less.

Russ Engle says the money business makes him a headache, but he is glad the government is again going to make big silver dollars. He likes that kind of money. Such money one can rattle in the pocket like a trace chain, and when one throws such a dollar on the counter, the storekeeper wakes up. And when one has such a dollar in the pocket, then one has real money and not just a piece of dirty green paper.

The new dollar, Frank Witt explained, shall be a regular dollar of one hundred cents, but worth only sixty cents. No dozen school-teachers can figure that out with all their books. We can no longer buy as many dried snitz and such things for a dollar. But the lawmakers say that is the way we must coax back prosperity.

John Opel says he heard of a fellow who made a yard stick that is just two feet long, but it has thirty-six inches like a regular yardstick, only the inches are shorter. He claims that is a way to boost business. It is an NRA yardstick. The other week they sent the fellow who made it to the crazy-house.

GUST.

Rex Tugwell came last week to get acquainted with his new job as assistant to Secretary Wallace. We would like to have had Tugwell out in our wheat field last week to give him a few lessons in farming in order that he might have something to tell the rest of the "brain trusters."—Optimist.

More professor nonsense. More college professors called to plan for government. They will tell the Treasury Department about money, something none of them know much about, having never had much.—Brown County Kansas, World.

Publish Date: 11 June 1936

Title: ***Des Deitsch Luft Shif***

inception. This scheme is just plain dumb.—Johnstown Tribune.

Der Gus Und De Sus

DES DEITSH LUFT SHIF

Wie mer laest kenna sie nau von Deitshlond do driver fleega in zwa dawg un'a halbs. Sell gaet so verdunert shwift das mer sei hoot haeva mus mit zwa hend. Der anner dawg sin sie do driver gflooga in so'ma grossa luft shif das sheer guckt wie en ufgeblowsne sei-blows, yusht feela graeser.

Der Levi maent es macht alrecht sei in so'ma luft shif hoch in derwolka rum fleega, awer er wut net debei sei won seller gas sock vershpringa daet. Es waer ken shleckhoffa so hoch runner zufalla; mer mecht sich greislich way du. Es waer besser, claimt er, uf'em grund rum shtulbera, wommer sich aw wennich vergrotsa daet an'de hecka.

Mei Sus hut des bild von dem Deitsha Zippel, oder wie mer's haest in English, aus der zeiting gshnitta un hut's die Mommy Fishfanger gewissa. Die Mommy grickt ken zeiting, un es daet aw net feel botta won sie daet. Sie kon doch net laesa. Awer die Mommy is net dum un kon goota shnits boy bocka. Sie hut des bild net beguckt. Sie claimt so ebbes waer gottlos, mer kent nix laesa von luft shiffer in der Shrift, un won mensha gezaelt waera zufleega wie grobba, hetta sie flegel. Mei Sus hut sell bild in die Bivel gelaegt un will der parra froga was er denka daet.

Wie's sawgt kon mer nau um die welt rum fleega in epawr wocha. Mei alte kent sell net shtenda. Sie wert grank uf'm mawga won sie im gringel rum gaet wie en hashpel. Des drain fawra macht ihra shlecht, un sie mus die gans zeit peppermint lozengers suckela. Won's no noch un die welt rum gingt so gottlos shwift, daet en dut foll peppermint candy ken drei cent botta.

Un wie der Donnie secht was het mer wommer um die welt rum gflooga waer, mer waera awer yusht witter am sama blots wo mer gshtaert het.

—DER GUS.

ment of federal jobs.

Constitutional protection of the individual citizen in the right to live his life and conduct his affairs without being dictated to or spied upon by office-holders.

These points will be submitted to the platform-makers of both parties.